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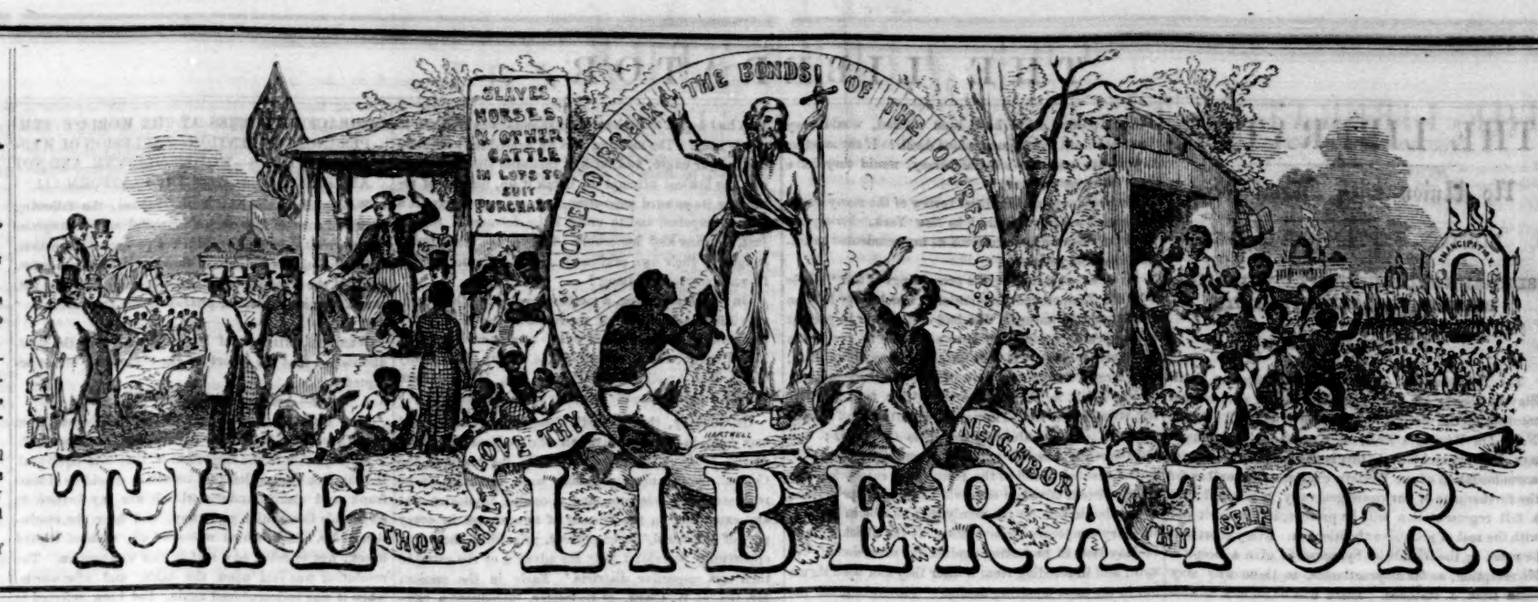
☞ In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of every question are impartially allowed a hearing.



No Union with Slaveholders!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! IT CANNOT BE DENIED—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions TO SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was THE STIPULATION TO SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons..... In fact, the oppressor representing the oppressed!... To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress; AND THEREBY TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—*John Quincy Adams.*

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

OPPOSITION FROM PROFESSED FRIENDS.

The Boston *Liberator*, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, (non-voting journals,) have opened what they evidently mean shall prove a very galling and destructive fire upon *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. It is believed, hereabouts, and that not without some very convincing data, that the paper in question has never been looked upon with unbounded favor by the amiable conductors of those journals. It is also believed, that, so far from desiring the existence of such a paper, the generous parties in question have regarded the now to accomplish its destruction a very interesting problem. For the first year or two of its existence, Calhoun's policy of 'masterly inactivity' was thought well of, and put in practice. All the lecturing agents, under the auspices of '*the Board*,' were suddenly withdrawn from the locality in which the paper was established, supposing, doubtless, that in the absence of these, there would be little anti-slavery sentiment created to sustain the paper; and as all papers conducted by *colored men* before had failed, they probably thought that time and the inactivity referred to, would speedily do the work. 'Two years,' said one of these amiable friends, 'and the *North Star* will follow the fate of all preceding colored newspapers.' But God and our cause raised up friends for our paper, and it continued to live beyond the limits thus prophetically allotted to it. Then the killing process of *faint praise* was resorted to, and that failed. Then brother *William P. Powell* was got (being himself a colored man, and considerable of a wit, withal, he could do it more successfully,) to write a series of articles against it, for the columns of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, with a view to destroy all confidence in it. Powell did his work well, for he is a man of talent; but the paper still lived, and according to the measure of its ability and the extent of its influence, it continued to plead the cause of the slave, and the *Free Colored man*. After Powell, came Remond and Purvis, (two colored men of spirit, and men of note, the one rich, and the other respectively so,) and proffered their services to hunt down the 'wayward' fugitive. These men came to Rochester, under the smiles of the platform, charged with the annihilation of the paper. Remond, it should be remarked, was, previously to this time, in very bad odor with the enemies of the paper; for while gallantly prosecuting the case in Philadelphia, he had uttered some very telling complaints against the course pursued by the white abolitionists of that city towards the colored people. Charles wanted to get back into their favor, and, therefore, hit upon the happy thought of uniting with Purvis in the good work of our demolition. Ever since this, Charles has stood well with the old Society; and, for aught that we can see, he has become a *very pillar* of the temple. The part assigned to Mr. Remond, in the good work at Rochester, required a large quantity of brass, but he proved himself fully equal to it. It was to denounce *Frederick Douglass's Paper* as a Colonization concern! Purvis was to charge its editor (as does the *Freeman*) with base ambition; with a design to displace the captain of the anti-slavery ship, Mr. Garrison, and to place himself at the helm! All this was regarded, by sensible men in Rochester, and elsewhere, as a most ridiculous farce, for it was known that the charges were without the slightest foundation. The next step in this eventful history is what took place at Framingham, a few weeks since. We were there asked, (under a menacing scowl,) to say *why* we did not deny that certain distinguished gentlemen are *insidious*? to which we simply replied, we *did* not, because we thought we *could not do so truthfully*. The second day after that, somebody spoke a good word for *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, in Boston, and asked, at a meeting of colored people, for subscribers, when (taking his cue from Wendell Phillips) Wm. C. Nell, with a harmless air, a bowed-down look, and a cat-like step, arose to put the colored people on their guard against sustaining a paper, inimical, as he alleged, to Mr. Garrison. Believing him to have acted as '*a tool*' in the matter, we called him a '*tool*,' and being warm at the moment of writing, we called him '*a contemptible tool*.' Well, now the battle commences in earnest. *The Liberator*, the most warlike chief of its tribe, whose slaughter of intractable friends has become as notorious as any other fact connected with its history, comes out with *seven extracts* from *Frederick Douglass's* paper. The extracts are selected with artistic skill, and arranged with the happiest regard to the designed effect, that being to exhibit the editor of *Frederick Douglass's Paper* to the worst possible advantage before the readers of *The Liberator*. To help on this charitable design, an introductory remark is flung in to assist the dull understanding in comprehending the dark spirit that could dictate such '*blood and thunder*.' If anything is said in one part of an article culled from '*Douglass's Paper*,' which would throw a redeeming light upon the man who wrote it, the editorial scissors, (those useful accompaniments of the editorial table,) by clipping off just a *leetle* at each end, make the thing fit exactly. Then, too, the articles are all appropriately numbered, I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII. All this is followed by a promise of something terrible 'rotten eggs'! 'Next week' comes, but the 'strictures' (or castigation) are deferred, so that the punishment is still in reserve. But there is another promise, that retribution, though long deferred, will come at last; and come it will, no doubt, for *The Liberator's* temper is evidently up to it.

Taking advantage of the delay, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, edited by Oliver Johnson, (that devoted friend of the slave, who can edit the *Tribune* with Clay at its head, or the *Bugle* with '*No Union with Slaveholders!*' at its head, and be as acceptable to his friends, and, apparently, as much at peace with himself in the one position as in the other,) catches the note of preparation from head quarters, and, without waiting the voice of the prophet, speaks right out to the surprise of all; for, hitherto, the *Standard* has not been greatly gifted in speech. This broad column and a quarter, which it pours out upon us, is remarkable for adroit misstatement; and shows the writer of it nigh the head of his class in the school of misrepresentation. Perhaps the *worst* feature in the article is the total absence of *heart* which it manifests. It evinces talent, but it is a *cold* sort of talent—having neither sympathies nor adhesiveness. You feel, when reading it, that the author could easily have been induced to have written as well on the other side.

After the *Standard*, comes the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, from '*the city of brotherly love*.' It brings along to the good cause a little more than two columns, all of a quality quite characteristic. Approaching its victim haltingly, with dagger wreathed with roses, it smiles, takes out its cambric of faultless white, wipes away the copious perspiration, (for the effect is a great one,) stabs and retires, uttering a sanctimonious wail of regret that the assassination is necessary. Next week, it is the *Liberator's* turn; after that, the *Bugle's*, and possibly the *Practical Christian's*; but certainly the *Bugle's*, for though a little tardy, the *Bugle* is true, and may be counted on with safety, in A GREAT EMERGENCY LIKE THIS.

Now, it would be the veriest affectation to pretend to utter indifference to such attacks. The men who make them are powerful men, and powerful agents. An abolitionist who falls under their condemnation may expect '*no quarter*.' The spirit which animates them is industrious and sleepless; and they pursue and punish to the last; nevertheless, humble as we are, and mighty as are the influences arrayed against us, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that the war upon us is, at last, an *open* one. Let no one suppose, however, from our manner of disposing of these assaults, that we have been brought *hastily* to our present opinion of our assailants. We have neither been brought hastily nor willingly to this result. It has required nearly six years, scattered all along with incidents, painfully illustrating to us the settled hostility of Boston and Philadelphia abolitionists to the existence of our independent sheet. Unable to use us for partisan purposes, they have determined to establish the conviction, in anti-slavery circles, that our intractable conduct is owing to '*ambition*,' '*selfishness*,' '*aggrandizement*,' '*early degradation*,' and the like.

Of course, no sensible friend of ours—no one who has the anti-slavery cause really at heart, can wish us to reply in detail to facts so numerous—so endless—from so many quarters—so evidently planned, and made under the influence of a spirit which is so obviously malicious. Besides, the thing is completely beyond us; for, as Johnson in the *Standard* says, we cannot hope to perform miracles; and certainly it would require miraculous power to discharge the numerous duties devolving upon us, and yet to reply to all the attacks now so systematically made upon us. For reasons such as these, we have partly made up our mind to use philosophy in the matter—to give our assailants the field—to take their united and repeated blows—and to abide, with patience and resignation, the wrathful and pitiless storm—well knowing that, in the end, the right will be triumphant.

HOW TO LIE ROUNDLY.

The following account of the celebration of West India Emancipation, at Framingham, on the 4th ultimo, is taken from a scurrilous paper published in Worcester, called the *Transcript*. It illustrates the characteristic mendacity of that sheet.

THE ABOLITION FLARE-UP AT FRAMINGHAM. The Freesoilers and Garrisonians made extensive preparations for a *time* at Harmony Grove, in South Framingham, last week, in commemoration of West India Emancipation; but very few, if any sober-thinking people believed that they cherished any great amount of gratitude for the accomplishment of that event, or any particular sympathy for the poor slave, and so the sequel proved; for, instead of saying or doing anything that had any special reference to Emancipation, they seem to have given themselves up to the most bitter, uncharitable and disgraceful crimination of each other. We knew they broke up in a row, and we have been somewhat curious to hear what would be said of it by those abolition papers which invited the gathering, and paraded its anticipated attractions to induce attendance; but up to this time, so far as we know, those papers have preserved entire silence. We now learn from an incidental notice of the meeting, which appears in the Milford *Journal*, that Garrison presided, and that Parker, Phillips, Pillsbury, Lucy Stone, and others mounted the rostrum, and assured the audience that 'the speakers were the real successors of the Prophets—that their Society (M. A. S.) was the only true Christian organization—that the Churches were Infidel, and that their platform was so high that none but themselves could elevate so as to look upon it,'—which, if it be true, is, we must add, highly important! What a pity that this poor benighted world was not sooner blessed with the illumination of these extraordinary lights! But to return: after the above astounding revelations had been made, and the Church and the Clergy had been duly consigned to the doom of annihilation, the 'occupation' of these reformers would most assuredly have ceased, had they not fallen into the equally noble service of tearing and blackening each other, in the course of a no very gentle recapitulation of their personal grievances. And to wind up this farcical commemoration of West India Freedom, Wendell Phillips (one of the only 'true Christian organization!') must needs unmercifully castigate Frederick Douglass—the poor fugitive—for an article in the *North Star*, written months ago. This last match did the work, and a general explosion of the Freesoil and Garrisonian mine ensued—the assemblage of wonderfully *consistent* exponents of conscience, humanity and Christianity broke up in what common parlance would not inappropriately designate a row! No wonder that such proceedings are pronounced 'shameful'!

From the Southern (Mississippi) Journal, Aug. 6.

THE BARBECUE AT THE PLANTATION OF THE HON. S. A. DOUGLAS.

MR. EDITOR: I had the pleasure of attending the barbecue given by Mr. James Strickland, the agent and overseer of the Hon. S. A. Douglas, of Illinois, at the plantation of this gentleman on Pearl river, in this county, on the 30th ultimo. The barbecue was intended really for the slaves on the place, in accordance with a yearly custom which Mr. Strickland has adopted, but there was a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen present from the immediate neighborhood.

The arrangements were all in most excellent taste, and the tables groaned beneath a profusion of all the good things of this life. The barbecued meats were dressed in the finest and most relishable style, and the adjoining river and lakes had been forced to add their supply of dainties to the feast. I noticed, too, that there was a real superabundance of delightful cake of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and ingredients; but being almost greedily engaged in the demolition of the more substantial portions of the dinner, I feel incompetent to pass a distinct judgment upon the same. My friend, Jack ———, expressed, I think, the sentiment of the crowd, when, with two tender ribs of mutton in his mouth and a delicate piece of well-browned fish on his fork, he hoarsely whispered—'It is a good and a pleasant thing to be here.'

The negroes followed the invited guests at the tables, and sat down to the same dainties and delicacies which had just afforded so much satisfaction to our palates. They numbered some one hundred and forty in all. It was a goodly sight to see their dark countenances lighted up with pleasure at the sight of the eatables before them; the entire *abandon* with which they pitched into the good things; the extreme delicacy of the female portion of the crowd, ordering the delighted waiters with fastidious taste and careless toss of the head to 'fetch the nicest pieces of the sheep-meat they could find,' or 'to cut a big slice of de cake wid de icing on it,' or 'to stand furder back, and not crowd on de lady when she war drinking her coffee.'

The most amusing part of the scene was a table full of little snow-balls—some forty in number, and all about one size and age. They were the blackest of black 'little niggers.' Their heads rolled from side to side as they crammed in the food, and more particularly the cake, in a pure repletion of animal enjoyment. They did enjoy it. Tears were in their large rolling eyes, but they were tears produced by a satiety of cake. They wept because they could —'*Eat* no more!'

There was not one of the slaves, little or big, but who was dressed cleanly, and some of them almost elegantly—for there is (strange as it may sound to the ears of some) fully as much taste for dress among negroes as among the whites. The little ones were rigged off in their white cotton shirts, the old familiar plantation dress for the children of the South—white as well as black. Here was *comfort*, *health*, and *happiness* displayed.

My object, Mr. Editor, in thus detailing the scene which I witnessed on this plantation, is to call the attention of your readers (and it may be *some* who are not) to the fact that here in our own county of Lawrence, in the State of Mississippi, is a large plantation of negroes owned by a northern United States senator, and that these negroes are better fed, better clothed, and their bodily comforts better provided for, than many of even the white laboring classes of the North—passing by for the present the condition of its free negro population. The negroes of Senator Douglas have divine service regularly performed, and for their special benefit. Their spiritual, as well as their bodily, wants are attended to. Now, the thought struck me that it would have been a most instructive lesson to certain Free Soil constituents of Senator Douglas to have been present on this occasion. I would like to have seen the exponent and embodiment of 'All Young America' make his appearance just as his slaves seated themselves at the tables, in order that he might have taken in at a single glance the real condition of the 'poor African of the South.' It would have added new eloquence to his tongue, new strength to his genius, and new energy to his soul, to have been able to witness such a scene as this, and afterwards, when fanaticism should drop the slanderous falsehood from its tongue, to have described, in his own strong and vivid language, the sight he beheld on the banks of the Pearl, in the slave State of Mississippi, and to have told the revilers of our institutions, with his natural boldness, that this was not an isolated instance of the southerners' humanity to the slave—but that it was the same everywhere—over the full length and breadth of our beautiful and smiling South. It would have been a good hint to such a man as Douglas to have told those charlatans in literature, those pharisees in philanthropy, and that immodest womanhood of the North, what we knew the *truth* to be from actual observation. MUTTON.

From the Southern Reveille.

IMPOLICY OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I call the attention of our large slaveholders to the impolicy of their purchasing more slaves. In the excited political discussions of 1851, a general apprehension was felt that the permanency of this property was threatened. The absence of a more general diffusion of this interest was a serious cause of apprehension to the more reflecting; and it is believed that, had all been slaveholders, in the States where slavery is tolerated, a large majority would have been opposed to submission to the Compromise measures. While large slaveholders enter the market for slaves, the price will be forced above the ability of poor men to buy. If no legal restraint is placed on the large slave-owner, he will follow the impulses of aggrandizement, until this property will be held by a very decided minority in the State. It is so clearly the interest of slaveholders, that all citizens should be interested in this property, that the purchase of other slaves by those already holding them, is the worst possible policy.

We have, by legislation, endeavored to arrest the further introduction of slaves into the State, thereby acknowledging the danger of too great accumulation of this species of property; but I apprehend that there is much more danger arising from the absence of a general diffusion of this property among the white population of the State. Unaided by white men, our slaves will never be dangerous. In all ages, wealth accumulated in the hands of a few, and not readily attainable by the many, has been a subject of jealousy and hostility. Perhaps no species of wealth,—not even large landed estates,—attract to the proprietors a larger share of this jealousy and odium. It is then the interest of the rich slave-owner, more than any other class of citizens, that this property should be freed from all prejudice and hostility, and a more secure tenure of what he has, and its increase by inheritance and by birth, will amply compensate the voluntary resignation of the right to buy.

If by law, all who own a stated number of slaves are forbidden to buy more, the price of negroes will be lessened to those qualified to buy, and more capital would be invested in other beneficial occupations. If the general good and his own particular interest concur in restricting the large slave-owner from buying other slaves, I can imagine no just reason why such restriction should not be imposed by law. It is a restriction recommended by the danger to an exclusive interest. It proposes no disability to hold negroes, no disability to inherit them, or to the natural increase of those already held.

This suggestion is made from no hostility to the rich, for I am myself a large slave-owner. There may be a question of the sound judgment of the writer, but of his sincere belief in the policy of such restriction, he can give no better evidence than his willingness to come under such restriction of his own natural right. Will some more able writer take up the subject?

A SLAVE-OWNER.

NEGRO IMPUDENCE.

The shameful spectacle of a gang of negroes resisting United States officers, and rescuing a murderer whom they had arrested, is a legitimate fruit of the doctrines inculcated by 'higher law' Abolitionists and their coadjutors. These bad men have taught the negroes that the U. S. authorities may properly be resisted, and ought to be resisted, in the case of the arrest of a fugitive slave, and the pupils very naturally infer that the same thing may be done in the case of an arrested murderer. It is stated in the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, that Patrick Sneed, the fellow whom the negroes attempted to rescue at Niagara Falls, has no negro blood in him. But he happened to be a waiter among negroes at the Cataract House, and therefore the 'higher law' of their clannishness and rascality came into play. But they got at last a mighty good thrashing for their impudence, though not equal to their deserts. Those Irish laborers who came to the help of the officers when called upon in the name of the government and people of the United States, deserve the thanks of the whole community for the handsome manner in which they sent the negroes sprawling. But we trust the matter will not stop here. Those negroes have committed a high crime in resisting the law and its ministers, and many of them can easily be identified. It is a good time to teach them, and all other rebels, that if they can't 'conscientiously' help catch a murderer, or other transgressor, their own safety requires that at least they should not take the part of the offender, against the ministers of the law. It is time that the American people settled the question, whether they are to be governed by their own laws, or by negro mobs.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

SELECTIONS.

From the Syracuse League.

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION — GERRIT SMITH TO PRESIDE.

CORRESPONDENCE — COMMITTEE'S LETTER.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 3, 1853.

Hon. GERRIT SMITH:

DEAR SIR—The Rescue of the man Jerry, from the hands of Kidnappers, at Syracuse, Oct. 1, 1851, is, as you are aware, to be celebrated. Each Anniversary of that glorious Day—a day on which a great community practically asserted and sanctioned the Declaration of '76—a day as much nobler, as much holier, than the 4th of July, 1776, as doing is nobler and holier than declaring—we say, that now and hereafter, each recurring Anniversary of that Day will be celebrated at Syracuse, so long as there shall exist in our land those two objects of profoundest pity—the Slaveholder and the Slave.

Thousands of our fellow-citizens of this city and county can testify to your bearing on that eventful day—cheerful, bold, positive; infusing into all your own spirit of determined resistance to tyranny. It is not for us to estimate the value of your presence, illustrative as it was of your avowed doctrine, that 'to discharge JERRY would be well; to rescue him, better.' Suffice it to say, that, as a Committee appointed to issue the Call for our approaching Celebration of this Anniversary, in accordance with the well known sentiments of the friends of Freedom in our midst, we invite you to preside on that occasion. It is not every day that a member of Congress can be got for so noble a work. We send the invitation now, and desire immediate answer, that early notice may be given to the friends of 'justice and kindness' who will congregate on that joyful occasion.

W. L. CRANDAL, LYDIA P. SAVAGE,
THOMAS G. WHITE, JOSEPH SAVAGE,
JAMES FULLER, J. W. LOGUEN,
ELIZA FILKINS, *Committee.*

MR. SMITH'S REPLY.

PETERBORO', Sept. 5, 1853.

W. L. Crandal, Thomas G. White, James Fuller, Eliza Filkins, Lydia P. Savage, Joseph Savage, J. W. Loguen.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Your letter is, this hour, presented to me; and, this hour, I will give you my answer.

I had the honor to preside at the first celebration of the Rescue of JERRY. The honor of presiding at the second should have been conferred on another. But I will not decline it. Life and health assured to me, I shall be in Syracuse, the morning of the glorious First of October.

I do not forget, that the trials of persons, charged with rescuing Jerry, will be going on in the U. S. Court at Canandaigua, at the same time that we are celebrating his rescue:—and I do not forget, that I am expected to attend them. But I attended them, in Albany, last winter; and I learned then, that I need not attend them, again. The part assigned to me was to argue the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Act. I attempted to perform it:—but, to my surprise and grief, the Judge stopped me. I had no apprehension, that a Jury would convict my client, were I allowed to characterize that infamous Act, in fitting terms, in their hearing. The same Judge is to preside in Canandaigua: and, as there is no other part in these trials, that I wish to take, or feel competent to take; and as the Judge would, doubtless, be as determined against my performing it in Canandaigua, as he was against my performing it in Albany, so it is unnecessary for me to go to Canandaigua.

There is no more ruinous error among men than their regarding as law what is not law, and what cannot, possibly, be law. No event of our times is so influential as the Rescue of JERRY, to convince of this error: and, hence, it should be celebrated, as long as any share of the American People continue to be so foolish and insane as to recognize Slavery to be Law. The Rescue of Jerry taught a lesson in law never to be forgotten. It is a lesson far more important to create and maintain the true idea of law, and to inspire, and widen, and perpetuate respect for law, than all the Judicial decisions which have been pronounced, and all the law-books which have been written, in the present age.

We are never to be mobocrats. We are never to be anarchists. We are, always, to be law-abiding, law-defending and law-honoring men. But to be such, we must, on occasions, trample upon human enactments. The Jerry affair was one of these occasions. The thousands who crowded the streets of Syracuse on the First day of October, 1851, were plain and unsophisticated men. They had read law very little in law-books;—but they had read it much in their own hearts; and, in all that heart-law, they had never found one line for Slavery.—Of conventional law they knew but little, because they knew but little of books. Of real law they knew much, because they knew much of their own nature. Such were the men, who delivered JERRY. They delivered him, in the name of true law, and in contempt and defiance of sham law. They foresaw, that they would be stigmatized as mobocrats; but they knew, they were acting the part of loyal citizens, and that the mobocrats were the misguided ministers of Government, who were striving to plunge an innocent fellow-man into the pit of slavery.

In truth, there is no man, who believes that Slavery can be embodied in Law. All know that there is law *against* conspiracy; and they know that there is no law *for* conspiracy—least of all, for Slavery, which is the most guilty and horrible of all conspiracies. That slavery can be legalized, is a big lie—the biggest of all big lies. The American People know, in their souls, that it is such; and, yet, they are continually acting it out. Congress acts out this lie in all its pro-slavery enactments. The President acts it out, in his enforcement of them. Whilst we shall be celebrating the Rescue of Jerry, Judge Hall will be administering this lie.

No man can be tested, otherwise than by bringing the test home to himself. Thus tested, how quick Judge Hall would scout the idea of a Law for Slavery! Come to his dwelling for the nefarious purpose of enslaving him, or his wife, or child—and, though you shall come in the name of all the imposing authorities of earth, he will rather shed the blood of a thousand of you than suffer you to prevail. Judge Hall would not permit an enactment for murder—not even an enactment for so comparatively small an outrage as murder—to be executed upon a member of his family. And yet, when he is administering the law, or, more properly, the lie, of Slavery, he is conscious that he would rather have all his family in the grave than only one member of it under the yoke of slavery. Judge Hall would sooner die a thousand deaths than consent to have the wife of his bosom exposed on the auction block to the lustful looks of the greedy competitors for her person.

I said, that no man believes in the possible legalization of Slavery. I add, that there is no man who is not an abolitionist—a thorough abolitionist. Nay, the greatest slaveholder is the greatest abolitionist;—for he witnesses, most largely, of the horrors of slavery;—and, therefore, when the hour arrives for testing his heart on slavery, he will struggle hardest to keep himself out of that hell, into which he has cast so many. Their anguish and writhings, which he beheld with composure, he will remember with unspeakable horror, when their fate is to become his fate.

I repeat it—the American People are liars. Their Churches and Church Ministers, their Political Parties and Politicians, are liars. They are the cruelest and meanest of liars. They solemnly declare, in their Halls of Legislation, in their Courts of Justice, and in their Sanctuaries of Religion, that Slavery is right, whilst there is not one of them, who does not know that it is the heaviest and bitterest wrong. They call it a crime to run away from slavery, when they know that they would spill blood like water to escape from it themselves. And yet the American people claim to be Democrats!—nay, even Christians! Amazing impudence! Unparalleled hypocrisy!

But I must stop. Your messenger to me is in haste for my reply.

Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE UTILITY OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

South Carolina probably contains more white adults of both sexes who cannot read or write, than any State in the Union. It probably contains more of native birth thus delinquent, than all the four Middle States together. And probably any one county of the Tide Water region contains more of native birth thus delinquent, than all New England collectively. We do not believe that a single white person of native birth, fifteen years old or more, of sound mind, unable to read, can be found in all New England. We certainly never met with or heard of such a phenomenon. But while South Carolina contains so many persons immersed in European ignorance, it probably sends more of its youth to college, in proportion to its population, than any other State. In the 'lower regions,' all the sons of wealthy families go to college. Formerly, many of them went to the English Universities, or to Cambridge or Yale College in New England. But since South Carolina has had a college, or university, we forget which, and which, we believe, was established about twenty-five years ago, most of its college-bred youths are educated at home. We remember that when Dr. Cooper, an Englishman, once known in the politics of Pennsylvania, and who became a sudden convert to the antipodes of his opinions here, and went to South Carolina, was appointed regent or president or some officer of the college, he very earnestly enjoined upon the youth of the State, that is, the youth to be put to college, the vital importance of being educated at home, and thus saved from the fatal heresies of those Yankee colleges.

Here then is a State containing a very ignorant many, and a few educated in college-learning at home. Is this a key to the politics of South Carolina? We think that it is. The old learning of colleges, consisting of Latin and Greek classics, the theology and logic of the middle ages, and the stupifying stuff called metaphysics, to be dug out of such writers as Locke, never fitted any body for any useful occupation. It was auxiliary to the pulpit only, and is even rapidly disappearing from that among all Christian sects who maintain the right of private judgment, and believe that progress is a law of the moral creation. It still reigns in the universities of England, but is overpowered by the brighter light of modern progress in most American colleges. But in South Carolina, which scorns to borrow light from any other State of the Union, and which goes back to the middle ages for models, this learned fog still envelopes the college where all or most of its youth are taught. We mean that portion who alone are taught anything. Men thus taught, if teaching it can be called, devote themselves to *politics* as a profession—as the business of their lives. They cultivate what they call *elocution* and *eloquence*, and imagine that they are new and improved editions of Demosthenes and Cicero. They regard their own State as the nation, and its interests as alone worthy of a statesman's attention; and according to their views, the interests of South Carolina consist entirely of negroes, cotton and rice, to which all the world should be tributary, and can be maintained only by keeping this collegiate aristocracy in political life. From *statesmen* thus prepared, what kind of *statesmanship* should we expect? Precisely what we receive; arrogant self-conceit, shallow pretension, idle boasting, long speeches according to 'classic models of antiquity,' worthy of 'the best days of Greece and Rome,' fully answering the description of the Saxon Bill Quiverlance, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' In short, South Carolina is the Sophomore Class of the Union, and all her contentions at home and demonstrations in Congress remind us of a Sophomore quarter day in college.

The classes called the 'Corn Crackers' are scarcely above the Russian or Polish peasantry in mental cultivation. And this state of ignorance is the only thing desirable by the educated few, because it secures their domination. If South Carolina had common schools, she would not long be governed by Sophomores. She would cease to be governed by Sophomores, if she reformed her rotten-borough Constitution. And she will reform this Constitution, as soon as her people are cool enough to examine their own affairs. That day will come.

REV. SAMUEL R. WARD IN ENGLAND.

The *British Banner*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, contains an account of a Sabbath School celebration in England, in the course of which it says—

The Rev. S. R. Ward, who next addressed the meeting, was just the man to succeed Mr. Smith, and sustain the interest, since, in addition to intellectual power and rhetorical ability of a very high order, he has the advantage of a black face and a foreign birth—things which always take with an English audience. Mr. Ward, since his arrival in England, has been most severely tested—tested beyond every other man of color that ever came to these shores. He has been called to speak in all sorts of meetings, upon all sorts of subjects, under every variety of circumstance, side by side with the first men of the time, and in no case has he failed to acquit himself with honor. He has not merely sustained the first impressions he produced, but materially added to them. We are not aware that he has, in a single instance, come short of the public expectation, or made what is known among us as a failure. His resources are inexhaustible, and his versatility is such that he is always at home, while his tact would make him a formidable antagonist for the astutest man among us. The friends of the Slave in the New World could not have selected a more meet human Sequel to 'Uncle Tom.' The 'Key' was even more effective than the lock; but the arrival of a man, six feet high, and we presume sixteen stone weight, gifted with a vigorous understanding, endowed with a rich original eloquence, to turn the 'Key'—that was the finishing stroke. There is the book! There is the man! Is there a line in the former that is not rendered credible by the exhibition of the latter! Never was conjunction happier than the publication of 'Uncle Tom,' and the advent of S. R. Ward. His special object wholly apart, his appearance in England, at this time, has pre-eminently contributed to the interests of the slave. Shame and indignation are the uniform accompaniment of his orations, that such a man, and the race to which he belongs, should be seized and robbed of their inalienable rights, on the simple ground of their color, when giving proofs of fitness for the fellowship, not of horses and of oxen, but of the most cultivated portion of white men! Mr. Ward was happy in his attempts to illustrate the importance of the Sunday-school in new countries. It is everywhere the pioneer of the Gospel ministry, and in many cases, for many a day, a substitute for the lack of it.—That Institution is cheap, and it is otherwise well adapted to the taste of society. A place of some sort can everywhere be had in which to collect the young to receive instruction in the Gospel of salvation. The speaker, after some beautiful references to Slavery, as touching himself and his country, by the most happy turn, in a moment brought together the two ideas of Jubilee and liberty.

Mr. Ward well exclaimed, that 'a jubilee which should say nothing about freedom would be no jubilee at all.' Now, the fact that three millions of souls, persons of color, in the United States, are denied 'the teaching of the Scriptures in the Sunday school,' came with tremendous effect on the assembly. A man born in that condition, surely, required to make no apology in thus speaking in an assembly of Englishmen. The facts recited in the speech, in illustration of 'Negro hate,' are fearful.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ABOLITIONISM IN NEW ORLEANS.

A Natchez paper contains an article from a New Orleans correspondent, who is greatly alarmed at the fearful progress of abolitionism in that city. We trust his apprehensions are not without foundation. So far as they are based upon the fact of extensive amalgamation, certainly they are not. If the bleaching process is to undermine slavery, its foundation cannot last long. According to the writer's statement, 'ten per cent. of the population of New Orleans is already of this sort: we think it be much more showing every shade from snowy white to sooty,' and he adds that 'it is not surprising that the Negroes of this city anticipate emancipation at no distant day.' Of course not. Nor would it be if they all were ebon black.

We are glad to learn, that, in spite of the worse than barbarous laws which inflict punishment and the halter as the penalty of teaching men and women to read, slaves in New Orleans are nevertheless taught. The following paragraphs rather upset the idea that slaves are so greatly the sufferers in consequence of the Northern agitation.

The writer says:—

'We talk of the abolitionists of the North, and deprecate any movement on their part having even a remote allusion to southern institutions, as though the wolf were not in our very midst. New Orleans is the hotbed of anti-slavery, from whence much of the abuse and misrepresentation found in the northern papers have their origin, and where the material for such books as Uncle Tom's Cabin are manufactured to order. The origin of this may be traced to that system of amalgamation which has been practised ever since slavery was known in Louisiana; and though we recognize in the present tone of public morals a more refined and cultivated taste than prevailed here thirty years ago, yet it is a lamentable truth, that men occupying high and responsible positions are obnoxious to the charge of living in open concubinage with slaves and free negroes. When such is the case, it is very difficult to arrest an evil that is daily growing and strengthening under such fostering influences.

Another evil, and one which should be eradicated, root and branch, may be traced to the schools established for the education of free negroes, but where the slaves are also permitted to receive the rudiments of an education, which, so far from being a benefit, is usually a a curse to them. But this is not all. The negroes have erected a large brick church, styled the 'African Methodist Episcopal Church,' which is under the control of a negro Bishop, and where the services are performed by a negro minister, in direct violation of the laws of the State. I take pleasure in saying that this church has no connection whatever with the Methodist church, but is of a fungus growth, composed chiefly of secessionists from that religious denomination.

Bishop Allen, of Philadelphia, occasionally visits this city to look after the fortunes of his black flock, and no doubt infuses into them a spirit of hostility to the whites, and counsels them against holding any intercourse with the hated and despised race that has so long tyrannized over the descendants of Ham.

The negroes, both free and slaves, have their benevolent associations; their widows' charitable society; burying society, and various other societies, where such as complain, whether justly or not, of unnatural oppression from a hard task-master, are entitled to such assistance as the state of the funds and the necessities of the applicant would seem to warrant.'

☞ The following is, certainly, very good Free Soil testimony to the mighty efficacy of 'moral suasion':—

☞ Miss LUCY STONE, one of the most chaste and eloquent orators in the country, woman though she be, is lecturing, by invitation of the Free Soil Democrats of the State of Vermont, with powerful effect. Wherever she goes, the press, even that portion of it in the habit of using slang, ribaldry and ridicule, towards those noble women who have risen up to help forward the car of reform, are either silent, or loud in their commendations of her efforts. Why can't we have her in old Berkshire, to rouse the people from the torpor which has held away over them so long? Lucy Stone, for one fortnight in this county, would do more towards the spread of anti-slavery truth than a dozen political *men*, open to the charges of self-interest in their advocacy of the great truths of our cause.—*Greylock Sentinel.*

From the New York Tribune.

A SCENE OF CRUELTY AND BLOODSHED.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 3, 1853.

A most disgraceful and brutal occurrence took place here this morning, which I shall take the liberty of communicating to you, thinking it probable that no other person here may take the trouble. Being an eye-witness, I have given nothing but what you may rely upon as facts.

About 7 o'clock this morning, an attempt was made by a person calling himself 'Deputy Marshal Wynkoop' (a brother to Colonel Wynkoop,) another, answering to the name of 'Joe Jenkins,' and three other assistants from Virginia, to arrest as a fugitive slave a colored waiter, in the dining room of the Phœnix Hotel, in this place. Immediately after receiving their breakfast at the hands of 'Bill,' the unsuspecting fugitive, who is a tall, noble-looking, remarkably intelligent and active mulatto, they suddenly, from behind, knocked him down with a mace, and partially shackled him; but, by a desperate effort, and after a most severe struggle, with the whole five upon him, he shook them off, and with the aid of his handcuffs, which were only fast upon his right wrist, he inflicted some hard wounds on the countenances of some of the Southerners, the marks of which they will probably carry to their graves.

But, notwithstanding the fearful odds against him, he managed to break from their grasp, and, with the loss of everything upon him but a part of his shirt, and covered with blood, he rushed from the house, and plunged into the river close by, exclaiming, 'I will be drowned rather than taken alive.' His pursuers fired twice at him on his way to the river, without checking his speed, and, on reaching the bank, they presented their large revolvers, and called on the fugitive, who stood up to his neck in the water, to 'come out and surrender himself, or they would blow his brains out.' He replied, 'I will die first.' They then deliberately fired at him four or five different times, the last ball supposed to have struck on his head, for his face was instantly covered with blood, and the poor fellow sprang and shrieked out in agony, and no doubt would have sunk, but for the buoyancy of the water holding him up. The people around, who had by this time collected in large numbers, were becoming excited, and could no longer refrain from crying out 'Shame, shame!' which had the effect of causing the Southerners to retire a short distance, in evident consultation.

The slave, not seeing his pursuers, came to the shore; but not being able to support himself in the water, he lay down on the edge, completely exhausted, became senseless, and was supposed to be dying, on hearing which the slave-catchers remarked, coolly, that 'Dead niggers were not worth taking South.' Some one shortly brought a pair of pantaloons and put on the fugitive, who, in a few minutes, unexpectedly revived, and was walking off from the river, partly held up by another colored man, named Rex; on seeing which, his pursuers again headed him, drew and presented their revolvers, and called upon him to stop, threatening to shoot any one who assisted the fugitive. The white friends of Rex instantly shouted, 'Stand away! Stand away, Rex! You'll get shot, too.' This was bad advice, as they would not have dared to shoot at that time, and it had the effect of encouraging the pirates, who kept advancing toward the fugitive, and at the same time intimidated Rex, who drew back, exclaiming to the slave, 'Put, Bill, to the water again; don't be taken alive.'

The poor fellow, seeing himself alone, for there was a general drawback on the revolvers being presented, turned and plunged into the river again, where he remained upward of an hour, with nothing above water but his head, covered with blood, and in full view of the hundreds who lined the high banks. His claimants dared not follow him into the water, for, as he afterward remarked, 'He would have died contented could he have carried two or three of them down with him.' In the mean time, some of the citizens, thinking there was no law justifying such barbarity, were taking means to have the kidnappers arrested. Judge Collins, one of our most respected citizens, and several others, questioned them as to their names and authority, to which they replied, 'He was more like a lunatic than a Judge,' &c. They soon, however, saw the sentiment of the community was strong against them, and drove off before an officer could be found to arrest them. A telegraphic dispatch to the constable in Hazleton caused their detention there; but he was overawed by such pompous U. S. officers, and they were allowed to go again. After their departure, the fugitive, afraid to come out there again, waded some distance up stream, and got out above, and was found by some colored women, flat on his face in a corn-field. The women carried him to a place of safety, dressed his wounds, and at night he will be far on his way towards Canada.

Such are the plain, unvarnished facts. You cannot overstate the barbarity of the scene, the excitement of the people, or the ferocity of the slave-catchers, but having recently felt the rigors of the Fugitive Slave Law here,* there was a general fear of the officers, who bullied and browbeat any one who ventured to speak above his breath, exclaiming occasionally, 'Gentlemen, you can have him for $1,000; but we are U. S. officers; resist us at your peril.'

We felt ashamed of our country, and almost longed to be in Austria or Russia, where human rights are more respected.

Nothing in Mrs. Stowe's work equalled this in the brutality displayed by this Pennsylvania Marshal and the Virginia slave-hunters. Had some bold spirit led the way, the citizens would have demolished them on the spot. As it is, the result has been good.

The bloodthirsty villains were baffled—the 'property' escaped, (though probably a cripple for life, if indeed he does live, for he was quite light-headed during the day,) and there has been more anti-slavery feeling excited, and more hatred to the Fugitive Slave Law aroused, than could have been done with years of lectures or addresses.

The case of Slave-hunting Barbarity and Butchery described in the letter of our Wilkesbarre, (Pa.) correspondent, herewith printed, is enough to thrill the strongest nerves with agony and horror. Here was a man, not even accused or suspected of any crime or vice, hunted and shot by ruffians whom he had just fed in unsuspecting confidence, chased into the river, and there fired at with ball after ball as coolly as if he had been a leopard or an alligator at bay—and all by virtue of what are claimed to be the Constitution and Laws of this *free* country! Who believes that a case of more atrocious, Satanic tyranny was ever witnessed in Russia or Dahomey!

It is idle for men to affect to regret or disapprove such outrages, while they uphold the Law which impels and justifies them. There is not an American living who can help hunt down and shackle a fugitive slave, without *knowing* that his act is exceedingly base and shameful—one of which he would rather not have the whole universe for witnesses. O Liberty! how long shall such crimes be committed in thy name!—*Tribune.*

THE NIAGARA SLAVE CASE.

Our readers may remember the accounts published not long since of the attempt made to arrest a light mulatto waiter at the Cataract House, named Sneed or Watson, on a charge of murder in Georgia. It led to a serious conflict between the colored people of the place and the officers of the place, backed by some Irish laborers who were called to their aid. Sneed protested his innocence of the charge brought against him, and averred that the effort to carry him off was illegal and an outrage. But the evidence appeared so strong against him, that he was committed for examination.

The examination was commenced on Monday last, before Justice Vanderpool, of Buffalo, and the result of it proves, that the arrest of Sneed was the first step in as monstrous and cruel a conspiracy against the rights and liberties of a human being as was ever devised. It seems that Sneed was a slave in Savannah, who, in connection with a half-brother named Mendenhall, escaped to Ohio in 1849; he had never been suspected of the murder of Jones, as alleged by his captors; and the whole object of the charge against him was to get possession of his body, in order to be carried off to one of the slave States and sold. Mr. Alfred E. Jones, who wrote to the United States Marshal that he had a requisition for Sneed, and at whose instigation the officers of the law too eagerly acted, had no authority for arresting him, either as a criminal or a slave, having apparently concocted the whole scheme as a kidnapping enterprise.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE LIBERATOR.

No Union with Slaveholders.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1853.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

☞ POSTPONEMENT. ☜

The members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that a semi-annual meeting of the Society will be held at SYRACUSE, N. Y., in Wieting's Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 2d and 3d. As this is designed for the special accommodation of our Western coadjutors, as well as for the furtherance of our cause generally, it is hoped that a full representation will be present, in the spirit and with the zeal of primitive abolitionism. Every effort will be made by the friends in Syracuse to give a hospitable reception, as far as practicable, to those who may come from a distance. There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers. The first meeting of the series will be held on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
Edmund Quincy, } *Secretaries.*
Sydney H. Gay, }

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION,

At Syracuse, October 1, 1853—*Second Anniversary.*

☞ NO POSTPONEMENT. ☜

The Second Anniversary of the Rescue of the man Jerry from the hands of kidnappers, at Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851, will be duly celebrated in this city, on Saturday, the first day of October next.

The invitation is to all lovers of justice and kindness throughout the land. That Rescue was the most signal and emphatic vindication of the absolute supremacy of law that has ever occurred in America. Its beneficent influence, in awakening kind and genial sympathy in man for his fellow-man, enduring wrong unutterable, is beyond human computation. It is a bright star of hope to the oppressed in all the nations of the earth. It is the key-note to the Song of Universal Freedom. It is an exemplification—worthy of imitation on every spot on this broad earth—of the glorious American doctrine, that '*Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.*'

W. L. Crandall, J. W. Loguen,
Thomas W. White, James Fuller,
Joseph Savage, Eliza Felkins,
Lydia Savage, *Committee.*

Syracuse, August 15, 1853.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society appeal to all its members and friends, in every part of the Union, for aid to sustain their operations during the coming autumn and winter.

The field of our action is continually enlarging. The demand for the faithful preaching of anti-slavery principles is greater than we can meet. From Maine to Wisconsin, the call for those who can speak the words which will first awaken, and then purify and heal, this guilty land, is earnest and loud. What we can do, to answer this call, shall be done. We need not say that our ability, in this respect, will be in proportion to the self-sacrificing contributions of the individual members of the Society and friends of the cause.

The Committee have already commenced operations for the season, in the Western States. Three of our truest friends and ablest speakers have already gone into that field—viz., Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby K. Foster. Mr. Garrison is contemplating a visit to Central New York and to Michigan. Others will precede or follow him; and, joining with the speakers resident at the West, will, we hope, by the first of October, together constitute the largest and strongest corps of anti-slavery laborers which has been in the field for many years.

To carry on the work more particularly in the State of New York and the States west of it, a generous friend of the cause in Boston has already pledged the sum of One Thousand Dollars. With this encouraging beginning, we appeal with the more confidence to our friends to come forward and sustain this special work. Let us take advantage of the aroused attention, and awakening conscience of the land, and publish the saving truths of uncompromising anti-slavery every where. It is the truth—and the truth alone—which shall make this people free. Fettered by no sect or party, we will proclaim it, as God shall give us strength.

We address ourselves to every Auxiliary Society—to every anti-slavery neighborhood—to every true mind and heart. We have been blamed, by some of our friends, for so seldom calling upon the abolitionists o the country for pecuniary aid. Certainly, we have not pressed them with frequent demands. We have preferred to think that the eminent importance and sacredness of our cause would make all its friends prompt and unsolicited givers. But we feel that the *present* and the *future* demand of us greater efforts than we have ever put forth. It is not for us to tire of the work, and throw the burden upon other shoulders. Let *no one* look back, who has put his hand to the anti-slavery plough.

We earnestly ask immediate attention to this appeal. Donations of money, or pledges to be paid at any time between this and the first of January next, should be sent to the Treasurer, Francis Jackson, Boston; or to the Assistant Treasurer, Sydney Howard Gay, 142 Nassau street, New York.

For the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
Wendell Phillips, *Rec. Secretary.*
Boston, Aug. 29, 1853.

EXCITING WEEK IN NEW YORK—INSULT TO WOMAN—CONTEMPTIBLE PROSCRIPTION—CLERICAL ROWDYISM—PROGRESS OF THE RIGHT.

The first week in September was the most memorable one known to 'the oldest inhabitants' of the city of New York. In historical importance and interest, it has not been surpassed since the settlement of the country. Positions were assumed and maintained, in regard to human equality, on a basis as broad as the whole earth, and as sublime as immortality itself. Such a mingling of mind and feeling—such a union of heart and hand—such a practical recognition of human rights, obligations and duties—such a forgetfulness of all the accidental distinctions of sex, complexion and condition—such a blending of intellectual endowments, moral influences and spiritual forces, for the good of mankind, had never before been witnessed, on so grand a scale, in any age or in any country. No marvel, therefore, that all the elements of popular corruption, prejudice, blindness, ignorance, tyranny, and lawlessness, were mightily stirred, and powerfully wielded to crush so dangerous a precedent, and to nullify so contagious an example. No marvel that the 'Satanic press' exerted its infernal sorcery to conjure up, and 'set on fire of hell,' all that is base, lewd, profane and brutal in that Babylonian city, in order to hiss, hoot, groan, scoff, mock, and howl at 'the irresistible genius of universal emancipation,' the divine spirit of philanthropy, and the cause of impartial liberty. But of what avail were all these devices of the Adversary? Wielded against the truth, what weapon ever yet prospered? When was it ever possible to frame a sound argument against the right? When did imposture, usurpation, or oppression, ever glory in free speech and a free platform? Why should not they, who are 'of their father, the devil,' resort to blackguardism, falsehood, calumny, rowdyism, and every kind of villany, to put down a movement for the subversion of his dark kingdom? If Jesus could have been answered, would he have been crucified? If the Apostles could have been refuted, would they have been put to an ignominious death? If the martyrs could have been convicted of heresy, would they have been burnt at the stake?

We propose to make a brief review of the many exciting scenes which transpired in New York, during the week to which we have referred as unprecedented in importance and interest.

First, let us glance at the proceedings of the 'Whole World's Temperance Convention,' which was held on the 1st and 2d instant. We had designed to be present at its opening session, but were not able to reach the city until evening. It met in the Metropolitan Hall, (the largest and most ornate of any in the country,) at 10 o'clock, A. M., commencing with a most gratifying attendance. Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, of Massachusetts, was unanimously called to the Chair; and most worthily was this rare honor conferred upon him, as the devoted friend of the temperance enterprise, and its consistent advocate on world-embracing principles. It was due to him for the manly part he took in the preliminary temperance convocation at the Brick Church in May last, in protesting against the exclusion of woman, and in seceding from it after they had been thrust out in the most insulting manner. Throughout all the proceedings, he presided with admirable judgment, tact, dignity,—to universal acceptance,—no appeal having been taken in any case from his decisions. In his opening remarks, he justly complimented the delegates before him, as those who were not there to be kept in order, but who would keep themselves in order; and the result fulfilled the declaration to the letter, for a more orderly, serene and harmonious assembly was never witnessed. He desired the object of the Convention to be understood, once for all. 'This is not a Woman's Rights Convention,' he said; 'it is simply *a Convention in which woman is not wronged*—and that is enough.' Its spirit he defined to be 'one which knows no limitations of sect or sex, station or color, and which is world-wide.'

Among the speakers who addressed the Convention, during its two days' sessions, were Charles C. Burleigh, Antoinette Brown, Horace Greeley, Lucy Stone, John P. Hale, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, editor of the Vermont *Democrat*, P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Mary Jackson, an efficient Temperance delegate from England, Wm. L. Garrison, Lucretia Mott, Rev. Wm. H. Channing, Miss Emily Clark, Henry C. Wright, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Rev. John Pierpont, Rev. Daniel S. Whitney, Col. E. L. Snow, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, S. M. Booth, Mrs. Vaughan, Rev. Mr. Ebaugh, and Victor Hannot, a citizen of Belgium. From this array, it may be easily inferred, by those who were not present, that there was no lack of fact, argument, illustration, pathos, or rebuke, on the occasion. All the speeches by the women were superior in manner and matter; but, in consequence of the vast dimensions of the hall, and the continual pounding of the workmen engaged in finishing the building, much that was uttered was very indistinctly heard by a portion of the audience. Indeed, almost every speaker, whether male or female, found it a very difficult task to reach the ears of all present. In addition to these drawbacks, there were restless and disorderly spirits in the galleries, especially at the evening sessions, who endeavored to embarrass the proceedings in various ways, but with only very partial success.

This Convention was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. In almost every particular, it furnished a broad and striking contrast with that of the pseudo 'World's Temperance Convention,' which was held a few days afterward. Its members were representative men and women generally—among the stoutest and bravest reformers.

Letters were received and read from Neal Dow, Esq., Hon. S. P. Chase, Hon. Horace Mann, Rev. E. H. Chapin, James Russell Lowell, Esq., and James Haughton, Esq., of Dublin. In his letter, Mr. Dow said—'I see neither the wisdom nor the expediency of excluding women from Temperance Conventions; their earnest, equal and powerful coöperation I earnestly desire.' Mr. Chase said—'The great cause which the Convention assembles to promote has all my sympathies; and, certainly, in the advancement of that cause, I would admit no distinction which would exclude from active participation in labors and counsels for its promotion, any of those whom God has gifted with intelligence, humanity, and a disposition to share them, and who are, perhaps above others, interested in their results.'

On Saturday evening, a Vegetarian Banquet, prepared by the New York Vegetarian Society in honor of the Whole World's Temperance Convention, came off at the Metropolitan Hall. About 300 persons partook of the repast, and a larger number of spectators occupied the galleries. Speeches were made by Horace Greeley, Dr. James C. Jackson, Mrs. Vaughn, Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, Miss Emily Clark, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Gage, S. M. Booth, and others. It was a very agreeable entertainment.

On Sunday forenoon, Rev. Antoinette Brown preached an impressive discourse from the text, 'O! do not this abominable thing, which I hate'—[Jeremiah xliv. 4.] The immense hall was filled, four thousand persons being present! The assembly was composed of highly intelligent and estimable persons, all parts of the country being represented in it. All the services were conducted in a spirit of solemnity, no one of that vast assembly behaving in an unbecoming manner.

In the afternoon and evening, anti-slavery meetings were held in the same hall, under the direction of the New York City A. S. Society—its worthy President, Lauren Wetmore, Esq., in the chair. The attendance was surprisingly large, in view of the fact that the admission fee was a New York shilling, 12½ cents. At least 1200 persons were present in the afternoon, and 2500 in the evening. Addresses were made by Elizabeth Packson, (a minister in the Society of Friends,) Charles C. Burleigh, 'Sojourner Truth,' Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Oliver Johnson, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. No interruption of the proceedings took place until the evening session, when it was manifest that the galleries were occupied chiefly by those who came expressly to make a disturbance, and break up the meeting. Probably, at no previous period had there been so large a number of Southern men-stealers in the city, and these were strongly represented on the occasion, as well as at the Woman's Rights Convention. Their efforts, however, proved abortive, until about the usual time for adjournment—Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone being the speakers, and each so powerfully appealing to the understanding and heart, and presenting so calm a front and so divine a spirit, as almost entirely to silence the opposition. Indeed, had it not been for the appearance on the platform, while the latter was speaking, of a half-witted or partially intoxicated man, (who was doubtless bribed to exhibit himself in that manner by the more genteel rowdies, but who conducted himself with incomparably more propriety than they did, and who promptly left the platform as soon as he was requested to do so,) Miss Stone would have been able to control the assembly with absolute sway. She never spoke with greater power or more glowing eloquence. In concluding her remarks, she emphatically said, 'If the Union can be maintained only by maintaining the institution of slavery, then the Union must fall! There must be the abolition of the slave system, or we must have a Northern republic!' This was 'the woman bruising the serpent's head'—and it was truly edifying to see him writhe and hear him hiss in his mortal agony! The blow went to the vitals, and death-spasms followed. While the speaker was loudly and generally applauded in the body of the house, the galleries greeted her with a storm of hisses, which, she serenely told them, fell as harmless as the bullets which struck Gibraltar. After reiterating her declaration, and making an earnest appeal in favor of freedom, she resumed her seat.

Hon. E. D. Culver rose to express his regard for the cause and its free platform, but the 'patriotic' rowdies would not allow him to proceed, drowning his voice so that he could not be heard. The usual time for adjournment having come, a motion was made and carried to that effect,—much to the chagrin of the disturbers, who had hoped to prolong their shameless exhibitions to a late hour. The meeting was an exceedingly effective one for our cause, and, as in a thousand similar instances, the lawless attempt to break it up, instead of retarding its onward movement, only served to give it a mighty impetus, and to enlist in its defence all that is just, humane and honorable. So ever are the cunning caught in their own craftiness, and the counsels of the froward carried headlong!

On Monday evening, a meeting was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, in aid of the funds of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, which was very ably addressed by Mrs. Vaughn, the President of the Society, Miss Emily Clark, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, and Mrs. H. A. Albro. No attempts were made to disturb the meeting.

On Tuesday, the 'World's Temperance Convention' was held in the Metropolitan Hall,—Neal Dow, of Maine, being called to preside. By the terms of the Call, all temperance associations were requested to be represented by delegates, and a cordial invitation was also extended 'to the friends of temperance in every part of the world,' to be present, promising them 'an opportunity to exhibit fully the advance of the cause in their own respective districts.' Early in the session, Mr. George W. Clark, of Rochester, introduced a resolution inviting 'all the friends of humanity, without respect to age, sex, color, or condition, to participate in its deliberations, and in its glorious work.' An immense excitement followed, (the particulars of which we are unable to give this week,) which was at last allayed by laying the motion on the table.

Rev. Antoinette Brown having claimed a seat in the Convention as a delegate from two Temperance Societies, and her right being recognized by the President, rose to speak, but was unable to proceed, in consequence of the riotous conduct of the clerical fraternity and their backers, the Southern overseers.

On the second morning of the session, Wendell Phillips, of Boston, attempted to address the Convention, and another most disgraceful outbreak was the consequence. For particulrrs, see the sketch we have copied in other columns from the *Tribune*. He was followed by Rev. Antoinette Brown, whose appearance again threw the Convention into convulsions! We never saw any thing more shameful than was the treatment she received. But she bore a serene front through the storm, and secured for herself the exalted appreciation of all those whose hearts are imbued with the spirit of universal humanity. But the rowdyism was so great, she was compelled to desist.

Finally, the Convention capped the climax of its meanness and injustice, by refusing to give Mr. Phillips a ticket of admission as a delegate! His right to a seat in that assembly was as unquestionable as that of any other member; and his expulsion, together with the silencing of Miss Brown, stamps the Convention with lasting infamy.

At the same time that these abominable scenes were transpiring, the Woman's Rights Convention was in session at the Tabernacle—continually interrupted in its proceedings by well-dressed rowdies, whose exploits are recorded on our last page, as exultingly reported by the 'Satanic press.' No comment is needed, and our columns are already filled to overflowing. In spite of all opposition, that Convention was eminently successful, and worthy of all praise. Of its real spirit and character, the candid reader may judge by perusing the following resolutions adopted by that body:—

1. Resolved, That this movement for the rights of women makes no attempt to decide whether women are better or worse than men, neither affirms nor denies the equality of her intellect with that of man—making no pretence of protecting women—does not seek to oblige woman any more than man is now obliged, to vote, take office, labor in the professions, mingle in public life, or manage her own property.

2. Resolved, That what we do seek is to gain these rights and privileges for those women who wish to enjoy them, and so to change public opinion that it shall not be deemed indecorous for women to engage in any occupation which they deem fitted to their habits and talents.

3. Resolved, That the fundamental principle of the Woman's Rights Movement is—that every human being, without distinction of sex, has an inviolable right to the full development and free exercise of all energies; and that in every sphere of life, private and public, functions should always be commensurate with powers.

4. Resolved, That each human being is the sole judge of his or her sphere, and entitled to choose a profession without interference from others.

5. Resolved, That whatever differences exist between man and woman, in the quality or measure of their powers, are originally designed to be, and should become, bonds of union and means of coöperation in the discharge of all functions, alike private and public.

6. Resolved, That the monopoly of the elective franchise, and thereby of all the powers of legislation and government, by men, solely on account of the ground of sex, is a monstrous usurpation, condemned alike by reason and common sense, subversive of all the principles of justice, oppressive and demoralizing in its operations, and insulting to the dignity of human nature.

7. Resolved, That we see no force in the objection, that woman taking part in politics would be a fruitful source of domestic dissension, since experience shows that she may be allowed to choose her own faith and sect without any such evil result, though religious disputes are surely as bitter as political; and, if the objection be sound, we ought to go further, and oblige a wife to forego all religious opinions, or to adopt the religious as well as political creed of her husband.

8. Resolved, That women, like men, must be either self-supported and self-governed, or dependent and enslaved; that an unobstructed and general participation in all the branches of productive industry, and in all the business functions and offices of common life, is at once their natural right, their individual interest, and their public duty; the claim and obligation reciprocally supporting each other; that the idleness of the rich, with its attendant physical debility, moral laxity, passional intemperance and mental dissipation, and the ignorance, wretchedness and enforced profligacy of the poor, which are every where the curse and reproach of the sex, are the necessary results of their exclusion from those diversified employments which would otherwise furnish them with useful occupation and reward them with its profits, honors and blessings; that this enormous wrong cries for redress, for reparation by those whose delinquency allows its continuance.

Whereas, the energies of man are always in proportion to the magnitude of the objects to be obtained; and, whereas, it requires the highest motives for the greatest exertion and noblest action; therefore,

Resolved, That woman must be recognized politically, legally, socially and religiously, the equal of man, and all the obstructions to her highest physical, intellectual and moral culture and development removed, that she may have the highest motive to assume her place in the sphere of action and usefulness which her capacities enable her to fill.

Resolved, That this movement gives to the cause of education a new motive and impulse; makes a vast stride towards the settlement of the question of wages and social reform; goes far to cure that wide-spread plague, the licentiousness of cities; adds to civilization a new element of progress; and in all these respects, commends itself as one of the greatest reforms of the age.

The Aliened American is the title of a new paper published at Cleveland, Ohio, by William H. Day. It is a handsome sheet, and its object is, 'to furnish news, to favor literature, to aid the development, educational, mechanical and social, of colored Americans: to defend the rights of humanity.' Samuel R. Ward and J. W. Pennington, Corresponding Editors. Mr. Day is a young colored gentleman, who has received a good education at Oberlin, and who is an excellent writer and an eloquent speaker. The numbers of his paper already published are creditable to his talents.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES AT THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION—EXCLUSION OF WENDELL PHILLIPS—WOMEN SILENCED, AND NOT ALLOWED A PLACE ON THE PLATFORM!!!

We copy from the New York *Tribune*, the following sketch of some of the very disgraceful and outrageous scenes enacted in the World's Temperance Convention, by the lineal descendants of those who crucified Jesus, and put the Apostles to an ignominious death—to wit, the chief priests, scribes, pharisees, and the rabble.

—

Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts, took the floor, and moved that the report of the Committee be not accepted.

A Voice—Are you a delegate?

Mr. Phillips (resuming)—I am a delegate from the Nineteenth Neal Dow Association of New York.

My objection to the resolution is, that it is equivocal. It befits this Convention that its action should be at least frank and clearly understood. It was my fortune to sit in this Convention yesterday, and hear the resolution of Mr. Clark, which welcomed all, without regard to sex, age or color, to a seat in this Convention. The resolution was laid upon the table, and afterwards, when it was re-introduced again, had been referred to the Business Committee. Subsequently, I listened to the remarks of a delegate, who said that the women and niggers had already met in Convention, and that he desired that white people might be let alone. I do not know what that member's name is, but I do say, that such language does not befit the lips of a gentleman. Subsequently to that, sir, a lady delegate took her seat upon the platform, where she was courteously and respectfully welcomed; as she ought to be, according to the plain meaning of the resolution.

These are three facts, two one way and one another, and to which I might add the subsequent remark of a member from Pennsylvania, who stated that the intention of the resolution introduced and adopted the day previous was to exclude all from the platform who were not dressed in male costume.

The speaker was here interrupted by the question of a member, who desired to know if matters which had been disposed of the day previous could be brought up for discussion.

Subsequently to this, much confusion prevailed, and efforts were made to prevent Mr. Phillips from speaking, by calling him to order.

Mr. Phillips, (resuming)—Mr. President, I was appealing to these facts to show the gentlemen how they had conducted themselves before the world in relation to this question. Whatsoever I have felt it my duty to say, either one thing or the other, I have never yet spoken, and I never mean to speak, so that any man can say that I have not conducted myself in a manner becoming a gentleman. But the remarks of the member from Pennsylvania, referring to the lady delegate who was seated by invitation upon the platform, were an insult to the Convention and to the Society which she represented. I have no reflections to make upon any person, but I say that out of respect to this Convention, had I occupied the Chair, I should have felt it my duty, by the rules of parliamentary order, to protect any delegate whom I had welcomed to the stand, from being insulted and driven from it. (Applause.) Sir, the state of facts as they occurred yesterday, and published in the *Tribune*, evince a determination among certain persons to go behind the rights of a delegate, and prevent her from participating in the proceedings of the Convention. Now, sir, I ask that the action of this Convention shall be frank upon the subjent, and not equivocal—that this Convention shall take a decided stand, either recognizing the reports of delegates, or refusing to do so.

[Several gentlemen here arose and called the gentleman to order.]

Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Massachusetts, obtained possession of the floor, and questioned the right of the speaker to speak of the past action of the Convention, and to speak in terms of disapprobation (to call his words by no stronger name) of the acts of the Chair and the Convention.

The President said that the remarks of Mr. Phillips, so far, had been clearly out of order.

Mr. Phillips appealed from the decision of the Chair, and proceeded to make some remarks upon the subject of the appeal.

Mr. Williams called Mr. Phillips to order, denying his right to discuss.

The Chair declared that Mr. Phillips had the right to discuss.

Mr. Phillips said that he had not intended to reflect upon the character of the Convention, or upon any member in it; but in view of all the facts in the matter, he wished that the records of the Convention might show clearly and unequivocally what its position was and is.

Here the speaker was again interrupted by several persons, who called him to order, upon the ground that the speaker had no right to speak upon the subject of an appeal from the decision of the Chair. The question was then put to vote, and the decision of the Chair admitting this right was sustained by a vote of the Convention. During the confusion and general disorder that prevailed, Mr. Phillips resumed his remarks, but was interrupted by hisses and other demonstrations of anger.

Mr. Hoar said that Mr. Phillips had accused the President of ignorance of his duty, and he desired to know if such act was not a violation of Parliamentary order.

The President said that in that matter the members must judge for themselves as to what was in order.

Mr. Phillips having succeeded in again obtaining the floor, moved an amendment of the resolution reported by the Committee, which was pronounced out of order by the President. The motion of Mr. Phillips to not accept the report of the Committee was then put to the vote of the Convention and lost.

Judge O'Neal then briefly spoke upon the subject of the resolutions reported by the Business Committee. There was so much noise that he could not be distinctly heard.

Several persons attempted to speak, but Mr. Cross, of Md., secured the floor. He moved an amendment to the first resolution contained in the report of the Business Committee, by inserting the words 'one-fifth' in place of the word 'majority,' so that by a vote of one-fifth of the delegates present, a question could be called up for discussion. He urged the adoption of this amendment, on the grounds that the representation of New York State was as great as that of all the others, so that they had it in their power at any time to call for a vote upon any question, which another State, by the smallness of their representation, could not do.

Rev. Mr. Wolcott, of R. I., moved that the amendment be laid on the table, in order that the time might not be further wasted.

Efforts were made by several gentlemen to speak upon the question of laying the amendment of Mr. Frost on the table, but the Chair decided the question to be undebateable.

Mr. Phillips stated, that according to Judge Cushing, who has recently written an able work on the subject of parliamentary order, all subjects are debateable. He was interrupted in the course of his remarks by a demonstration similar to others made in the Convention; during which time the President put the motion to lay the amendment on the table, which was carried.

Mr. Wolcott, of Rhode Island, moved that the report of the Committee be laid on the table, which motion was carried.

Mr. Phillips rose to a point of order relative to a recent decision which the President had made, 'that a motion to lay on the table was not debateable.'

The President called Mr. Phillips to order, as there was no motion before the Convention.

Mr. Phillips—I wish, Mr. President, to respectfully suggest, that if this Convention is to be guided in its deliberations by parliamentary law, that no better authority can be consulted upon the subject than the learned treatise upon that subject.

The President stated that he had ruled down debates upon a motion to lay upon the table, but that Mr. Phillips could take an appeal from the decision of the chair.

Mr. Phillips appealed from the decision of the Chair, and said he desired to state his grounds of appeal. He attempted to speak, but such a jargon of confusion and unintelligibility burst forth from a number of throats that he could not be heard. Several persons inquired what was the question at issue, and they were answered by the President and Mr. Phillips as briefly and clearly as could be, under the existing confusion. Mr. Phillips again attempted to speak, and was again interrupted by points of order being raised by different members. These were agitated to some extent, but the import of any we were unable to gather, on account of all the speakers busying themselves with talking at a time.

Mr. Phillips, however, commenced reading extracts from Judge Cushing's work, on Parliamentary law, beginning at the 200th section, but another point of order was raised by Mr. Wolcott of Rhode Island, who stated that there being no proposition before the house, the gentleman was clearly out of order. Mr. Phillips protested against the continued reiteration of the statement that he was not speaking to any proposition before the house. He stated that he had appealed from the decision of the chair, who had stated that a motion to lay on the table was not debatable.

Judge Hoar uttered some words, but they were lost to the audience in the general uproar. He persisted, however, and the reporter was enabled to catch the concluding sentence, which was, in effect, that Mr. Phillips was discussing a question which had been settled.

Cries of 'Yes'! 'no'! 'go on, Phillips'! 'put 'em out'! 'down,' &c.

Mr. Phillips again stated the ground of his appeal.

Mr. Cunningham, of D. C., stated that the general parliamentary law of this country recognized that motions to 'adjourn,' to 'lay on the table,' or 'the previous question,' were not debateable, and that Mr. Phillips was out of order in making his remarks.

Mr. Phillips said that if Mr. Cunningham was right in making the remarks which he did, he had a clear right to answer him.

Rev. Mr. Chambers stated that this was a World's Convention, met not to discuss points of order, but to discuss the questions of total abstinence, the prohibition of the sale of liquor, and by it to redeem our country. [Applause.]

President—Mr. Phillips, your time is up.

Mr. Phillips—Others have taken it up, then.

Great confusion ensued. Several speakers were talking at a time, but, happily for the interests of the Convention, Dr. Marsh was again ready with a series of resolutions calculated to calm the instense excitement of the delegates.

Rev. Antoinette Brown, of New York, arose from the body of the Convention, and said she would like to make a few remarks upon the subject of the first resolution. Immediately on her rising, she was greeted by a storm of hisses, and called to order by several voices. Large numbers of the delegates applauded, and cried 'go on,' 'take the platform,' &c.

Rev. Mr. Chambers, of Pennsylvania, said, 'I move the adoption of the resolution,' but no notice was taken of his motion. The excitement was intense for several minutes; but after much difficulty, as there were many loud cries of 'take the platform,'—'get up,'—'let's hear her,'—'No, no!' and loud stamping from the opposition, the President kindly invited her to the platform. She accepted the invitation, and was accompanied thither by Dr. Snodgrass, amid mingled cheers and hisses, the former predominating.

Mr. Keener, of Md., arose, with several others, and called the lady to order. He stated that a resolution had been passed the previous day, which stated that the public platform was *not* the appropriate sphere of woman. [A storm of cheers and hisses ensued.] That resolution, he said, was in keeping with the order and intention of the Convention. [Hisses and cheers.] I interrupt no man, and never did, and I claim nothing of you except the ordinary courtesies of life.

Dr. Snodgrass hoped the Convention would hear Mr. Keener.

Mr. Keener—I have been twenty-five years engaged in the temperance cause, and I know that King David, when he went to battle with 200 men, on his return, he allowed the women their share of the triumphs, although he would not allow them to go to battle. [A voice—'What is woman's sphere?']

Mr. Keener—I think the appropriate sphere of Woman is to remain at home, and take care of the little ones about her table, but I never want to see her on the platform in discussions, however much I may desire their assistance. [Hisses and cheers.]

Mr. Clure, of Mass., protested against the discussion of woman's rights in this Convention, and called the gentleman to order.

The President sustained the proposition of Mr. Clure, and stated that by the call of the Convention any person presenting credentials from any society delegating them to represent them in the Convention, were clearly entitled to represent them in the Convention. [Hisses and cheers, and cries of 'order,' 'order,' etc.]

Mr. Camp, of New York, with several others, appealed from the decision of the Chair, and stated that the Convention had, by the resolution adopted on the previous day, solemnly expressed an opinion against the admission of women to the public platform.

A score of prosy persons now jumped up and commenced an exceedingly energetic, but by no means intelligible discussion. As each one was equally eager to be heard, it was impossible to distinguish the drift of their language. They seemed exceedingly bitter with each other. When the lull took place we heard several individuals assert that the resolution passed the day previous excluded women from a right to speak in the Convention.

Dr. Snodgrass and others called for a reading of the resolution, to show that the resolution was only an *expression of opinion* by the Convention—that the platform was not the proper sphere of *woman*, but that did not go behind her right as a *delegate*.

The President decided that Miss Brown had a right, as a delegate, to address the Convention, from which decision an appeal was taken.

Rev. Mr. Chambers, of Pennsylvania, moved that the Convention adjourn *sine die*.

Loud cries of 'No, no,' and hisses, followed; and the motion was lost on being put to the vote of the Convention.

The discussion of the question of appeal from the Chair, in admitting Miss Brown to address the Convention, was again agitated, and after considerable disturbance, was put to the vote of the Convention, when the decision of the Chair was sustained, which was received with great applause on the one hand, and a perfect storm of hisses on the other.

Rev. Geo. Duffield, of Pa., stated that if that lady was allowed to speak, he begged leave to tender his resignation as Secretary of that Convention, and he ferociously grasped his hat, and made a feint of leaving the platform, but as the President did not notice his ebullition, he restrained himself.

As the debate grew hot again, Dr. Marsh gravely arose from his seat—the Convention imagining that another series of resolutions was forthcoming, and grew momentarily silent; when he stated, that, although by the decision of the President, the lady had a right to a position in the body of the Convention, yet the resolution excluded her from the platform. The shouts and derision which greeted this sally, induced Mr. Marsh to sit down hastily.

Miss Brown, who had been standing on the platform, patiently awaiting an opportunity to gain a hearing, at this point made an effort to speak, when Mr. Hunt, of Pa., interrupted her with 'a point of order.'

He took the platform, and stated that while he admitted the right of a person delegated to appear in a Convention, the Convention had the power to decide the character of those delegates, and could exclude such objectionable persons as they thought fit, and, by the resolution adopted yesterday, the call of the Convention did not entitle this—I was *going* to say, *la—dy!* In-

mediately on his making this discourteous remark, the greater portion of the audience leaped to their feet, and a perfect storm of denunciations responded, and only a few of the persons seated on the platform gave a very feeble cheer. *A little more* of such language would have brought the whole audience upon the speaker.

Dr. SNODGRASS raised a point of order.

President—State your point, sir.

Dr. SNODGRASS—Sir, the point I raise is this: Is such language to be tolerated toward a lady? Is not this Convention competent to demand the retraction of such offensive and ungentlemanly language? [Cheers and groans.]

During the confusion which followed, Mr. Hunt made a few explanatory remarks, which were, in effect, that when a lady took her seat as a delegate in a Convention of men, she lost all claim to the courtesies usually extended to her sex. For about five minutes, the most ultra confusion prevailed, far surpassing the disturbance of the most violent primary meeting.

Judge HOAR subsequently obtained the floor, and urged that inasmuch as the lady had been delegated to the Convention, and had been invited to the platform by the President, by our own rules, she must be permitted to speak, and if the Convention is not competent to enforce its own rules, it must necessarily break up. [Renewed confusion.]

Mr. CARY, of Ohio, was the next speaker. He disclaimed all feeling upon this subject, but the previous day a resolution had been offered and adopted by a vote of nearly 9-10 of the Convention, stating that it was improper for a Woman to appear on a public platform, for discussion. [Cries of 'no sir, no.'] Mr. Cary resumed. Now the question I rise to ask is, if it is not an insult to this body, after this expression of the opinion of the Convention, for a woman to apper in open violation of it? [Loud and continued hisses.] I wish to offer the following motion:

That it is the expression of this Convention that no woman be permitted to speak in its deliberations.

This motion created more confusion than ever, and cries of 'Let the woman speak!' 'Shame!' 'Order!' 'I rise to move——' 'This is the Intemperance Con——' 'we adjourn!' 'No! no!' 'Women and spirit rap——' &c., were mingled in the mighty din of confusion.

A Voice—Mr. President, will you keep order?

President—I have no file of soldiers at my command to enforce obedience, but I hope that every member will conduct himself as a gentleman should do.

Some persons here commenced speaking, but Miss Brown rose to a point of order. She was hissed and cheered; the hisses coming principally from those persons on the stage.

President—I decide that Miss Brown has the floor.

Mr. Cary, of Ohio, appealed from the decision of the Chair.

A Voice—Keep cool, brethren; it's a terrible hot day.

Mr. Williams, of Alabama, rose to a point of order. The officers on the stage were also heard to excite each other to rise to 'a point of order' and then give the reason, so as to occupy the time.

Miss Brown here came forward and commenced speaking, as follows:

Mr. President, I did not come here to create disorder, but on the contrary, that——[Hisses and stamping from the officers on the platform and a few of the delegates in the body of the hall.]

The remarks of the speaker, although she continued to endeavor for several minutes to make herself heard, were inaudible at the reporter's desk. During the time she was speaking, cries of, 'I rise to a point of order,' 'get down,' 'leave the platform, Snodgrass, or I'll make you,' 'put them out,' &c., were raised on and near the platform.

Rev. Mr. Chambers, of Pa., got up, and together with Mr. Oliver and others, pointed their fingers at Miss Brown, and shouted, 'shame on the woman,' 'shame on the woman,' which Miss Brown bore very quietly; and as they insulted her thus, she looked them steadily in the face, and appeared to pity them.

The audience took up the cry, 'shame on Rev. John Chambers,' 'shame on Rev. John Chambers;' and the excitement grew still more warm.

A clerical gentleman from Jersey got up and said he felt that the cause of the Convention was ruined by such disgraceful conduct. The delegates were not anti-slavery advocates, but it appeared they were not anti-speech slavery supporters. [Cheers and hisses.] He wanted the lady to be heard, and so did the majority of the Convention. She did not come there as a woman's rights or anti-slavery advocate, but as a duly appointed delegate from the Temperance societies, and had as much right to be heard in discussion as any other delegate present.

Rev. Mr. Chambers here hurriedly rose from his seat, and, shaking his hand tremblingly toward the speaker, he bellowed out, 'Where's your petticoats? Where's your petticoats?'

The speaker from New Jersey said, 'Rev. John Chambers, you are a disgrace—' [Here a perfect storm of hisses ensued, and it was found impossible to proceed further with the business of the Convention.] Miss Brown was determined to adhere to her right to a hearing; the gentlemen on the platform were equally determined to 'break up the Convention first.' Motions to adjourn *sine die* were showered thick as hail upon the President. Others called on him to enforce order, still others raised 'points of order.' The President coolly walked to and fro on the front of the platform, and to the calls for order replied, 'I have not a file of soldiers to enforce my commands.'

Mr. Chambers called upon the Pennsylvania delegates to withdraw from the Convention, and let the Abolitionists deliberate upon their measures by themselves.

The resolutions of Mr. Cary being still before the house, some one raised objection that it was impossible to tell who were delegates and who were not. Upon which, the uproar still continuing at its height, the President ordered the Hall to be cleared. The police were called to aid in this proceeding, and all the delegates were required to retire from the Hall. Among the delegates was Mr. Booth, the editor of *The Milwaukee Free Democrat*, who left with the others, and went into the gallery. Seeing, however, that the reporters kept their seats, he returned to the Hall, and seated himself at their table. A police officer, notwithstanding his remonstrances and explanations, ejected him from the Hall in a very summary manner.

When the Hall had been cleared, Mr. Isaac Oliver proceeded to read the printed list of the delegates' names. As this list was printed before the whole of the delegates arrived, it was necessarily an incomplete one. After all the delegates, whose names were printed, had been admitted, or so many of them as were present, the doorkeepers announced that there were a large number of persons outside who claimed to be delegates; Mr. Cary, of Ohio, the President *pro tem*,. ordered the Committee on Credentials to go to the door, and admit such as had credentials. This the Committee did, but as the majority of the delegates had delivered their credentials, and those credentials were not at hand, there were a number excluded, as they had no means of proving their right to be present.

A motion was made and seconded that the Convention proceed to business. As the mover's name was not announced, we are unable to give it.

Rev. Mr. Wolcott, of Rhode Island, came forward, and said: Mr. Chairman, I hope this Convention will not be guilty of so gross a violation of the rights of Delegates as to proceed to business before the whole of the members of the Convention are present. I felt that it was my duty to make this appeal to you, and therefore I speak. [Cheers and hisses.]

The confusion was so great that we could not ascertain if the motion was duly carried or not, but we heard the President announce the Convention in session.

Mr. Wendell Phillips arose amid applause and hisses, and said, I appeal from the decision of the chair. A large number of delegates, from 40 to 50, are now on the outside of the door, and I protest against the—(hisses, stampings by a number of gentlemen on the platform, and applause by the majority of the delegates, interrupted the speaker.) When quiet had been restored, he continued: I protest against this illegal and unjust proceeding. [Renewed interruption from the opposition, and applause from the majority.] Mr. President, I protest, and if my protest is not heard here, it shall be made known in *The Tribune* and *Herald* of to-morrow morning. I hope the reporters will notice my protest.

Mr. Barstow, of Providence, said Mr. Phillips could make his protest in *The Liberator*! [Hisses.]

Mr. Clure—A creditable observation from an ex-Mayor. [Cheers.]

Rev. Mr. Wolcott repeated his earnest protest against the business of the Convention being proceeded with. [Loud applause.]

Mr. Blackmer, amid the greatest confusion, read the following:

Resolved, That one hour of each morning session of this Convention be devoted to hearing of reports from each State and Territory and Country here represented, giving information as to the actual condition and prospects of the Temperance cause in those places.

This resolution was carried: many could not have been aware of its purport, so great was the confusion.

A number of persons arose, each one raising 'a point of order' in most inextricable disorder.

President—I order you all to your seats; where there are so many points of order, there is nothing but disorder. [Laughter.]

Mr. Barstow—I move that this Convention adjourn, to meet again at 7½ o'clock this evening.

President—That motion is not in order, Sir; another is pending.

Mr. Clure of Massachusetts, Rev. Mr. Wolcott of Rhode Island, and Dr. Snodgrass, here announced their desire to be considered as joining Mr. Phillips in his protest against the action which had been taken by a portion of the Convention during the exclusion of the rest.

Mr. Barstow then offered the following resolution, which was vehemently seconded by Mr. Isaac Oliver, of New York, amid renewed confusion and disorder:

Resolved, That the Committee on Credentials be directed to furnish tickets as evidence of membership to all persons enrolled as delegates to this Convention, excepting those whose credentials were this morning presented by Wendell Phillips, from a Society of Ladies in New York city, which Society, it is understood, was organized last evening, and which delegates belonged not in New York, but in other parts of the land; and that at the future business meetings of this Convention, none but such delegates, so certified, be admitted upon the floor of the house.

Here a dozen members sprung to the floor. The Chairman announced the floor as belonging to Mr. G. W. Clark, of New York, who was proceeding to say that he hoped those who came there as Delegates came as frank and honorable men and women, when Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, again raised a point of order. ['Order, order,' 'Go on Clark,' and hisses.]

The Chairman—A point of order; will the gentleman state it? Being stated, it was ruled out as irrelevant, and Mr. Clark proceeded, amid universal attention. He would call attention to the fact that the eyes of the whole world were upon their doings; he hoped they would regard the rights and privileges of all persons delegated here, and make no distinctions. The women present were there as delegates. Let us, continued he, lay all these distinctions and prejudices aside and work together for the good of a common cause. The eyes of the rumsellers are upon us. Let us stand up like those conscious of justice and the right; ay, do justice, though the heavens fall. [Cheers.]

Mr. CLARK, of District Columbia, next obtained the floor, against half a score of shouting competitors, and 'hear him,' 'Oh, don't, Clark,' &c. He spoke briefly.

Rev. JOHN MARSH protested against this resolution, as not coming from the Committee on Credentials. He wanted to make an explanation. This resolution had not come through the proper channel. [Order, order.]

Chairman: Dr. Marsh is out of order. He will please take his seat.

Mr. BARSTOW rose, and stated that the resolution he had the honor to present had received the sanction of the Business Committee.

Dr. MARSH moved to lay it on the table, claiming the question of credentials involved belonging to the Committee on Credentials. His motion was not seconded.

A dozen voices shouted 'Mr. President' at once.

The Chairman—This afternoon a number of children are coming; this afternoon is to be devoted to them.

Having announced the speakers and exercises for the evening session, he proclaimed the Convention adjourned until half-past 7 o'clock.

A number of neatly dressed children were coming into the gallery. The children of a larger growth now gradually left the Hall, snarling and snapping as they went, giving their room to a class of children who could scarcely be expected to outdo the great majority of their 'glorious predecessors' in the 'noise and confusion' line, to say no more of the scene which had just transpired.

From the New York Tribune.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To the HON. NEAL DOW, *President of the World's Temperance Convention*:

SIR: I am a delegate to the World's Temperance Convention, and as such I address you. This morning, when Miss Antoinette Brown rose to address the Convention, you decided that she had the right to do so. An appeal was taken from your decision by Messrs. Keenan and Camp, of Maryland. When the vote was taken on that appeal, you stated that your decision was sustained, and directed Miss Brown to proceed. Before she could utter a word, some one doubted the vote. You then told us that it would be necessary to count the numbers on each side, and in order to do that every person, whether member of the Convention or not, must leave the Hall—then members only would be admitted, and the vote could be decided. You directed the police to enforce this order. Before leaving, I came to you and stated that the Police informed me that they should admit no one unless his name was on the *printed* list; that my name was not on it, and that my credentials were in the hands of Rev. Mr. Marsh, Chairman of the Committee on Credentials: that Mr. Marsh refused either to eturn them to me, or to give me any certificate entitling me to be admitted; and I added, 'Sir, I rely on you, as President of this body, to protect my rights while the Police keep me out of this Hall.' You assented. Some fifty other gentlemen were in the same condition as myself. We were all shut out till the *printed list* was finished, which took over an hour's time. When we were readmitted, we found that, *during our enforced absence, you had left the Chair*, and that the fragment of the Convention which was within the doors, Gen. Cary, of Ohio, in the Chair, had passed a vote to lay the whole subject, to speak on which Miss Brown had the floor, on the table. Gen. Cary refused me permission to protest, and ruled that his course was in order.

Now, Sir, as a member of the Convention, I protest against your setting your name to any such things as really the doings of the Convention.

1st. Because it is not either right or in order for a Convention to exclude a large number of its members from the Hall of Assembly by the police, and, during the enforced absence of such members, pass votes and resolutions as the doings of the Convention.

2d. Because it is a well-settled principle of parliamentary law, that after a vote is doubted, and while it is in process of determining, *no motion whatever* is in order. Accordingly, after you had cleared the Hall, in order to settle a disputed vote, the Convention was not competent to do anything but wait till all its members had been readmitted, and then proceed to settle that doubted vote by a count.

For these reasons, which Gen. Cary would not listen to, I protest against your ever setting your name to any such votes as the proceedings of the World's Temperance Convention. The Convention have refused to reconsider the vote; but I call upon you, in virtue of the pledge you made me when I quitted the hall, to take some measures to disconnect this unprecedented trick and absurd farce from the Convention over which you preside.

Respectfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

CRYSTAL PALACE, N. Y.,
Monday, 4 P. M., Sept. 5, 1853.

DEAR GARRISON:

I entered this Palace at 9, A. M., and have wandered over it now seven hours—just enough to become personally interested. I have passed through the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, the German States, and various other countries, and am now weary, and have seated myself to rest and to write, in the centre of this world—right in the very heart of it. In the North East, I cast my eyes, and there is the United States, with her axe, her hoe, her shovel, her plough, her ox-yoke, her reaper, her scythe, and her infinite variety of the *useful*. She makes a grand exhibition of the substantial and serviceable, amid this display of foreign finery and refinement. I turn to the North-West, and there are Austria, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, and other countries. To the South-West, I see France, Belgium, and the German States. To the South-East, I see Great Britain and Ireland. It is literally true that each country is heard here, as in the days of Pentecost, speaking in its own vernacular—in a language much more truthful and natural than the nations spoke on that day. The spirit of human improvement inspires the nations that speak here. I cannot sit here under this dome, and listen to the different languages in which the nations speak, through their works, and not feel that, after all, human nature is one and indivisible.

'Who is that?' says a man to me, pointing up to an enormous statue near me, and right behind the Greek Slave. 'Who is that, holding the Constitution?' 'Daniel Webster,' said I. 'What!' said he, 'Daniel Webster, the Defender of the Constitution?' 'None other,' I said. 'It is Daniel Webster, the "Defender of the Constitution," but the marauder upon humanity. He protected the Constitution, but assaulted MAN. He saved the Union, but outraged and ruined MAN. He was one of the most unprincipled men that ever lived. Thank God! the country that he blighted by his feted and pestilential presence, is rid of him!' The man muttered between his teeth, 'This World's Fair is no place for such remarks.' 'The World's Fair, said I, 'is the very place where the world's criminals and humanity's foes ought to be arraigned, tried, convicted and condemned; and the best use the Palace could be put to, one day in seven, would be to throw open its doors, *gratis*, and ask the world to come in here and listen to an analysis of the conduct of Daniel Webster, since March 7th, 1850.' Would n't I like to mount up there and stand beside that statue of Webster, and tell all this people about the slave-hunter, Daniel Webster! Would I not mount the gigantic statue of Washington and his horse, and tell the world here assembled about Washington, the slaveholder, the slave-hunter and slave-breeder? I would. Would n't it make a stir! Washington the slaveholder! Washington the slave-hunter! Washington the slave-breeder! For all these he was. And he knew that slaveholding, slave-hunting and slave-breeding were wrong. For him, what apology can be made? A slaveholder, leading a nation through a seven years' war for liberty, and not know it is wrong to hold and use man as a chattel! It is impossible.

Before, and close to me, is the Greek Slave, standing right between Washington and Webster—two slave-hunters! Was this by design? No, that could not have been; but it is 'a remarkable coincidence,' as Kossuth says. Every American can but notice the fact. I walked all through the United States, and could not find a fetter, a chain, a handcuff, or a slave-whip. Slavery is abolished in the United States, as she is exhibited to the gaze of other nations! Americans are ashamed of the most prominent feature and characteristic of their country. In this Crystal Palace, where the world meets, the United States dares not flourish her whips, and chains, and bloodhounds, in the face of Britain, Italy, France, Switzerland, or even of Austria and Turkey, that are right opposite to her, and watching her in the commission of national deeds of darkness and of shame. She boasts of her liberty, but she quails before the contemptuous frown of Austria and Turkey! These nations are open in their despotism. The United States perpetuates a worse despotism than they, under the name of liberty, and hunts the fugitive slave while she shouts out, 'Asylum for the oppressed of all lands!' O, it is too bad! When will this Republic become truthful and honest. At present, she is the most unblushing, malicious and unscrupulous liar on the globe.

Specimens of Rum, Brandy and Wine are here on exhibition. Pity this World's Exhibition cannot be held without being used to advertise the drunkard's drink, and the cause of all the woes that follow in the track of drunkenness! I hope the day will come when such articles of death, to body and soul, will not be exhibited in such places. And it will come; only let a *Whole* World's Temperance Convention be held in connection with these Exhibitions, not only two days, but many days, and let women, as well as men, come forward and make their appeal to the world's great heart. Make liquor-makers and venders ashamed to come forward upon the world's stage to exhibit their deadly poisons, as the slaveholders, slave-hunters and slave-traders are now ashamed to exhibit here the implements of their satanic deeds.

Britain, the United States, France and Switzerland, have on exhibition here, Dirks, Pistols, Bowie-knives, Swords and Guns, to show their skill as human butchers. Strange that man should pride himself on his skill and ingenuity in making and wielding deadly weapons, and in slaughtering men, women and children. It cannot always be thus. The reign of violence and blood must cease; the dispensation of love and good-will must come. Men will see that love is the only power that can govern man—the only element of real omnipotence. Brute force is powerless, by whomsoever wielded, to govern men. Brute force and moral principle are eternal antagonisms. The ballot-box and cartridge-box are essential each to the other. Both are essentially and eternally antagonistic to morality and religion. Love cannot sustain or be sustained by violence.

I have heard the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Welsh and Russian languages spoken in this palace to-day. O, what a loss to the world that it has no common language! It will, it must have one. Railways, steam, telegraphs, and World's Fairs will create the necessity. At this moment, he would be the world's greatest benefactor who should invent a language easy of attainment, and adapted to universal use. Nothing is so much wanted. Such a man or woman would be, in deed and in truth, *the* light of the world. Over the advent of such a man, all of heaven and earth might shout. 'Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, and good-will to men!'

It were idle, dear Garrison, to attempt a detailed description of the contents of this Palace. Many nations are here, but not so many as will be here in the future; for if my soul be a true prophet, as I am sure it is, in this, these World's Fairs will, in the future, be held on a scale of which the most sanguine do not dream. This Palace actually covers about four acres, not over. Some five acres are enclosed by the railing. The Palace of London enclosed eighteen. Both are but new-born babes. The full-grown man will appear some fifty years hence, and then the world will hold a Fair of which the human family may well be proud. Perhaps, though, we may well be proud that this age brought the child into being.

At this moment, I feel very sad. I broke off at the above paragraph, and went to see if I could find any specimens of the ingenuity and industry of the Indian. I found several Indian tribes represented here: but they occupy only a little corner, a hidden nook, seen and noticed by few. Yet their handiwork is very beautiful. 'Where is the Indian?' I asked of one of the police. 'In yon corner,' said he; 'I will show him to you.' He did so, and as I looked on him, as here represented, I asked, 'Is this all? The Indian, who once strode over this continent, and called it his own—proud, fierce, daring, great in his native freedom, now, on this world's platform, can scarce be found. His Christian (?) and civilized (?) despoilers and destroyers proudly here exhibit their rum, and swords and guns with which they have swept the aborigines from the earth. Who but must drop a tear over the fortunes of the haughty, daring, and often manly and noble Indian?

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD! How beautiful it sounds here! I have seen no cross and scowling looks here. This is a kind of *Fusion* Palace, where all nations are fused into one. At this moment, some one is playing on a fine-toned piano near me, the sweetest of all sweet airs, 'Lilly Dale.' Who can help being happy here? Who can help feeling proud of his humanity? Nationalism and sectarism, where are they? They dare not enter here. Would they might never be felt or known again. Here is the place to worship God, the *universal* Father. Why do they not open it on Sundays. and let all who worship *that* God come up here and bow at his altar? I believe a purer, more just and acceptable worship would be offered here, in looking at these specimens of human ingenuity and power, and in mingling human hearts—in looking at them and in talking about them, and the topics to which they would naturally lead—than ever did or will ascend from the hundreds of sectarian houses in yonder city. This, to me, is more like unto what I think the temple of the true God; and these works, the products of the souls and hands of men and women, give us higher and juster conceptions of the true God, than do the prayers and ceremonies and singings of the priests and churches. Why do they not open this Palace to the people on Sunday, for a shilling, or sixpence, and let them come here and worship the true Father of all—the God who 'hath made of one blood all nations'? It could be done; it ought to be done. Trust the masses to come here and get their spirits refreshed and enlarged by contact with universal man, and by listening to a voice preaching to them from all lands, saying, 'MY CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER'! For such seems to me the lesson taught by the World's Fair. But I must stop and go.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S.—6, P. M. Still in the World's Fair and on the world's platform. You will see, by the chirography, this was all written on my knee, and in haste—masses of men and women moving, chatting, laughing, scraping and pattering with their feet all around me. It is a beautiful, but somewhat *wild* spot; and my feeling is one of vastness and sublimity. I feel myself a member of the great human family. I cannot conceive, as I sit here, how I ever was a sectarian or a patriot; how I could ever recognize any body of human beings as the Church of God and the Government of God, except the entire family of man. I certainly feel that for me to become a member of any sect, Christian or Pagan, or to be a member of any political organization, would be a degradation. To go from a MAN to a Protestant or Catholic, to a Christian (as commonly understood) or a Mohammedan, would be a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

I wish every friend I have on earth, and every enemy, could spend a whole day and evening in this Palace. Children, over eight or six years, should be brought here. I am surprised that there are no more here. Better be brought here than to sectarian Sabbath Schools and places of worship. The lesson that might be taught them here would be of more value to them, and do more *rightly* to develop their humanity than what could be taught them from all the Sabbath School books and theological books and creeds the world ever saw.

They are about to light the Palace, and then it will be a scene of enchantment. But I shall visit this place again, and *will* stop now, and post this letter by a post box kept here in the Palace.

H. C. W.

LETTER FROM ROBERT PURVIS, ESQ.

BYBERRY, Philadelphia Co.,
August 22, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON—I see by 'Frederick Douglass's Paper' of the 12th instant, that I am most maliciously referred to by its editor. Now you were present at the meeting in Boston where I made a few remarks, by way of explanation of something our friend Remond had said, in which I made no allusion whatever to Douglass, as you can testify; nor did I, as you can bear witness, exhibit any 'gall' in relation to the 'National Council.' Whatever opinion I expressed,—and the right to express an opinion I presume is still left me,—was properly and becomingly done, as I supposed, without offending any one present or absent from the meeting. I beg you would say so much for me through your paper. As touching the matter of the '*blood-stained riches*' to which this shameless ingrate and base slanderer alludes, I have but to say, that my father (from whom I inherited my property) was never a slaveholder—that he made his money as a merchant, by honest mercantile pursuits—and was known while living as a friend and benefactor of the free and enslaved colored man, (as there are now living witnesses to testify.) My own early detestation of slavery was owing, doubtless, to the seeds implanted in my bosom by my revered parent, by furnishing me with Dr. Torrey's Portraiture of Slavery, and the work entitled 'Sandford and Merton.' But why pursue this matter? A life's consistent hatred of slavery in every form, a willingness, to the best of my ability, to do and suffer with my oppressed brethren, to maintain a reputation 'unspotted before the world,' and thereby live down the calumnies of the enemies of our race, is, in the fury and violence of this meanly ambitious man and foul-mouthed slanderer, of no account. To gratify his ire, and serve his bitter and malignant spirit, I am pronounced as being 'practically an enemy of the colored people.'

Yours, ever and truly,

ROBERT PURVIS.

[☞ So much of our present number is occupied with the account of the exciting scenes in New York, last week, that we are again obliged to defer all notice of the hostile spirit and attitude of Mr. Douglass toward his old friends and associates.]—ED. LIB.

MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY.

LYNN, 4th Sept., 1853.

MR. GARRISON:

In THE LIBERATOR of last week, Mr. Wm. C. Nell, in an article upon Frederick Douglass, speaks of me as having become 'disaffected toward the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society,' and as having had 'a warfare with that Society.' As THE LIBERATOR professes to give *both* sides of a question, I ask a place in its columns for a few lines in reference to the matter above-mentioned.

I am astonished at the utter disregard of truth and the cool impudence of Mr. Nell, in thus *assuming* that I am disaffected toward and at war with the Massachusetts A. S. Society. I defy Mr. Nell or any one else to point to a word said or written by me, or to an act of mine, in opposition to that Society.

I joined an auxiliary society many years ago, but having been for several years absent from this part of the country, I have not had much opportunity to attend the meetings of the Massachusetts Society until within three years past. I have constantly and faithfully labored with the Society. and hold its principles, and the great mass of its members, in the highest estimation. By the false statements and the malevolence of the General Agent and the Treasurer of the Society, I was sometimes since driven from the lecturing field; and failing, after many months' effort, in obtaining any redress from the Agency Committee, I brought the matter, where I had *a right* to bring it, viz., before the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, at their last meeting in Boston;—and I take this opportunity to say, that I was well pleased with the result. Mr. Nell knows perfectly well that I have never been disaffected toward, or in *any way* hostile to, the Mass. A. S. Society; and he has evidently the lesson yet to learn, that a little clique, who, in defiance of truth and honor, rule and riot at 21 Cornhill, is *not* the 'Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.'

For truth and justice ever,

GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

NO POSTPONEMENT.

Last week, just before our paper went to press, a letter was received from our friend, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, at Syracuse, stating that, in consequence of the trial of some of the alleged rescuers of Jerry, to take place at Canandaigua, on the 27th of Sept., (which would attract a large number of the friends of our cause,) it was deemed both expedient and necessary to postpone the Jerry Rescue celebration until further notice. We accordingly announced the postponement as a 'fixed fact.' It was, however, a mistake. Mr. May telegraphed us to this effect on Friday, but we did not receive the message till Monday afternoon! Of course, it was too late to make the correction in our last number. The celebration, therefore, will come off at Syracuse, as at first announced, on the first of October. It will be seen, by the correspondence between the Committee and Gerrit Smith, that Mr. S. has promptly agreed to preside on the occasion. Read his outspoken and impressive letter on the subject.

POSTPONEMENT.

The semi-annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which was advertised to be held at Syracuse on the 29th and 30th inst., has been postponed to Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 2d and 3d. The *Standard*, *Bugle*, *Freeman*, &c., are requested to notify their readers to this effect.

The Yellow Fever in New Orleans.—The epidemic, after having raged for about two months to an extent unparalleled in this ill-fated city, carrying disease and death into every precinct, is at length, we are gratified to announce, gradually but certainly abating. Numerous cases of a peculiarly distressing character are presented to the readers of the daily papers. The Philadelphia *Register* mentions, that in the associate office of the mercantile agency of William Goodrich & Co., of that city, all the clerks died successively, and then the agent. The doors were locked up by the porter, a colored man, who also died the day after he had telegraphed the state of things to the principal office. But who can estimate the extent of suffering among the destitute, who have been the chief victims of the fell destroyer!

The New Orleans *Crescent* says: A few months ago, a merchant of this city took to his home and heart a youthful bride, and went to reside in the Fourth District. Wishing to live in privacy, he engaged only one servant—a fresh green girl from the Emerald Isle. She took the fever, and in a few days died. Another was hired, and shared the same fate. A third and fourth filled the vocancy in the household, and followed in succession the sweeping summons of the same fell destroyer. Following the impulse of a natural dread, the merchant went to Mobile to avoid the destructive visitation of the scourge, and the next day buried his young and beautiful bride. Disgusted with a home where nought but empty chambers served to call up the memories of departed joys, he returned to the city to sell out his household, determined to leave a locality to him so suggestive of sorrow. He died the next day. When our informant visited the premises, there was but one living creature there. It was a solitary parrot, swinging in its lonely cage, and wailing unwittingly its deserted state.

The New Orleans papers publish a card from three pastors of the Presbyterian Church, proposing to call Christian congregations to daily public prayer, to be held during the prevalence of the devastating epidemic.

On Triton walk, yesterday, we noticed a boy, about eleven years of age, carrying on his head a coffin, which, on inquiry, we learned contained the body of his little sister, who had died of yellow fever. He was accompanied by his elder sister, a girl of some thirteen years of age. They were slowly and sadly making their way to the cemetery.—*N. O. paper.*

A most terrific calamity occurred on the wharf at Wheeling, on Monday, last week. Some twenty kegs of gunpowder exploded, while being removed from a dray. The carman was instantly killed, and another man severely injured. The wharf boat was completely demolished, two steamers were badly damaged, and hundreds of dollars worth of windows were broken in the vicinity.

☞ A man named Taylor, in Dubois county, Ind., last week, was assaulted in the woods by three men, who knocked him down and beat him. He leaped to his feet, and pulling out a pistol, shot one of the men down. With a bowie-knife he killed the second, and wounded the other with a pistol shot while he was fleeing.

☞ Mr. Alexander, a Kentuckian, was killed in an affray somewhere in Arkansas, last week. He is the man who killed Mr. Lougee, a broker, in his office in the city of Philadelphia, several years since.

☞ Henry Alexander, a man of color, an extensive speculator, of Mayslick, Mason county, Ky., has failed for $60,000. His assets were $15,000

☞ Jane Saunders, a colored woman, died at Chappaquiddick, last week, aged one hundred years and three months. She was a native of Martha's Vineyard.

An Ohio Peach Orchard.—Mr. Davis, of Clermont county, near Milford, has sent daily to market, during the peach season, from three to four hundred bushels of peaches. He estimates the product of his orchard this year at thirty thousand bushel. His peaches are of the best quality, and sell readily at high prices.

The recent Arrest at Niagara Falls.—Patrick Sneed, alias Jones, the alleged murderer of James E. Jones of Savannah, who was arrested at Niagara Falls some days since, was discharged from custody at Buffalo, by Judge Shilton, on the 8th instant, on the ground that the man was supposed to be a fugitive slave, and there are no papers at Buffalo to detain him.

☞ Female preachers are increasing in number. A correspondent of the *Gospel Banner* notices one of whom we had not before heard,—Rev. Hannah Connor, of Troy, Me. She is, it seems, a regular preacher of the Free Will Baptist Denomination. The writer in the *Banner*, who had heard her preach a funeral discourse, speaks of her in highly eulogistic terms. —*A. S. Standard.*

☞ Hon. Gerrit Smith has contributed one thousand dollars for the relief of the New Orleans sufferers.

☞ Another slave had been found secreted on board the British ship Samuel, in Hampton Roads.

☞ Mary Simondson, familiarly known as 'Aunt Polly,' who had arrived at the extreme age of *one hundred and twenty-six years*, and who long had her residence in a neat little cottage near Shippingsburg, Pa., died suddenly last week.

☞ John Heming, a miserly wretch, has been held for bail in Boston, on a charge of causing the death of his son by neglect and cruelty. The 'old hunks' is worth $5000, and yet he kept his son, after he was stricken down by disease, in a damp, dark, dismal cellar, denying him the commonest comforts of life, not even treating him as if he were a human being.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* writes—'Col. Benton is indulging an unamiable spirit towards the Administration. A gentleman asked him if he often visited the White House. He replied with Bentonian emphasis, '*No, sir*—NO, SIR, I never go to the buzzard's roost.'

☞ It is reported in New York, that a large purchase of Porter's revolving rifles has been made in that city, by parties interested in the affairs of Cuba. The number of rifles purchased is set down at a thousand. Six charges to each will make this stock equivalent to six thousand muskets.

☞ Rev. David Thurston, of Maine, declines the honor which the faculty of Darthmouth College have recently conferred upon him by making him a D. D. He has scruples respecting the propriety of such distinction among Christian brethren.

☞ Dr. Tobert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life. The fact is worth knowing, if it be a fact.

Melancholy Accident.—By the breaking of the crank-pin of the Steamer Bay State, (on the Fall River route between New York and Boston,) last Friday night, a portion of her machinery was fractured, and the scalding steam entered the saloon. Three young ladies, Misses Charlotte, Mary and Maria De Wolfe, were so badly scalded that they died a day or two afterwards. They belonged to Chicago, Ill. The parents of the girls—aged seven, ten and fourteen—were in the saloon at the time, Mrs. De Wolfe being also slightly scalded about the face and hands. Thomas Warren, of Dartmouth, Mass., was also so severely scalded as to cause his death.

THE FIFTH
WORCESTER ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR
WILL BE HELD IN BRINLEY HALL!

Will open on TUESDAY morning, Sept. 20th, and close on SATURDAY evening, Sept. 24th,

We would earnestly invite all who have each year coöperated with us, to renewed effort in the great cause of humanity, and the hitherto indifferent, to a more faithful investigation of its claims. None can remain passive in this matter. Every day we are called to make our election between apparent self-interest and the slave interest—between love of the world's good opinion and hatred of oppression. So long as the great wrong continues, so long are we all helping others to forget its iniquity, to tolerate its cruelty, or, helping them to feel its sin, to undo its heavy burden. Fairs are not merely available for the raising of funds, but, as a means of awakening public attention, as meetings for the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, and the discussion of anti-slavery principles, they have proved most valuable and efficient. We ask, then, aid, from all who themselves love 'life, liberty and happiness,' and who would help their brothers to the same birthright. We would send our appeal throughout the country to all our faithful fellow-laborers, reminding them, that contributions of Needlework, of useful and fancy articles, will be gratefully received. The Refreshment table must depend, as formerly, upon donations, which which we hope will be various and abundant.

Sarah H. Earle, Emily Sargent, Lucy Chase, Hannah Rice, Adeline H. Howland, Eliza N. Stowell, Olive Loveland, Hannah M. Rogers, Sarah L. Butman, Abby W. Wyman, Mary Channing Higginson, *Worcester*; Sarah R. May, *Leicester*; Emma W. Wyman, *Dedham*; Mary E. Hodges, *Barre*; Frances H. Drake, *Leominster*; Polly D. Bradish, *Upton*; Catharine S. Brown, *Hubbardston*; Maria P. Fairbanks, *Millville*; Nancy B. Hill, *Blackstone*; Abby B. Hussey, *Lancaster*; Louisa F. Hall, *Upton*; Susan B. Everett, Eliza Howe, *Princeton*.

There will be speaking at the Bazaar on the last three evenings; in which it is expected that W. L. GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, ANDREW T. FOSS, and others will take part.

OBITUARY.

Died, at his residence in Little Compton, R. I., Aug. 23d, Capt. OWEN WILBOUR, aged 67.

Under the harsh exterior of this eccentric old seaman beat the true heart of a man, in sympathy with all progressive improvements for humanity, and glowed an honest soul, indignant at all which savored of cant and hypocrisy. By his fearless and decided rejection of the religious superstitions, and his rebukes of the irreligious conduct of church Christians, he earned the bitter hate or cold contempt of the interested, who had not the magnanimity to confess his kindness and excellence in all human relations. With shrewd good sense, and large human love, his effectiveness was yet marred by an excess of denial over affirmative faith, and by the antiquated notion of being illuminated by direct inspiration; a fancy at which none were so ready to mock, as those whose whole creed lies on such thin fog-wreaths of superstition.

In his last illness he endured, with surpassing patience, severe physical suffering, looking calmly back with a clear conscience, and hopefully forward with a perfect confidence, that borrowed no light from the Church's heaven, no shade from the Church's hell. He filled his humble sphere in life with a rough manly integrity, and fronted the great ordeal of death with a serene soul, that ought to make those bigots blush who display so gloatingly the death-agonies of men who guess not, as they do, the grand riddle of the future.

Died, in Milford, Mass., Sept. 12, Mr. DAVID STEARNS GODFREY, aged 42. Mr. G. was of the old firm of Godfrey & Mayhew, doing business extensively in Milford and Boston.

At the time of his death, he was President of the Savings Bank at Milford, and had been since its institution. Perhaps no man among us enjoyed more largely the love and confidence of his fellow-citizens here, and of his numerous friends and acquaintances elsewhere, than the deceased. He was particularly esteemed for his invariable kindness and great liberality to the poor, the unfortunate. In him the wretched slave had an old, stanch, firm friend, who had been doing, for years, all in his power, with his tongue, his pen, his purse, and especially his vote, that every yoke might be broken and the oppressed go free. After suffering much from a diseased arm, he, several months since, underwent amputation. This gave him only temporary respite. The disease soon concentrated itself upon the stump. After many weeks of excrutiating pain, he at last sunk gradually down, and death, long desired and prayed for by him, came to his relief. The people of Milford feel that they have lost one of their most prominent citizens, and many of us a most valuable personal friend.

☞ G. B. STEBBINS, an Agent of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—

South Abington	Monday eve'g	Sept. 19.
South Scituate	Tues. and Wedn. eve'g,	20 and 21.
Hanover	Thursday "	22.
Hanson	Friday "	23.
Pembroke	Sunday	25.
West Duxbury,	Tuesday eve'g	27.
Duxbury	Wednes. and Thurs. eve'g,	28 & 29.
Kingston	Friday "	30.
Plymouth	Sunday "	Oct. 2.
Plympton	Mon. and Tues. eve'g,	Oct. 3 and 4.
South Hanson	Wednesday " "	5.
Joppa	Thursday " "	6.
East Bridgewater	Friday " "	7.
Abington	Sunday " "	9.

N. B. The Sunday meetings will be meetings of the County Society.

In behalf of the Society, LEWIS FORD.

☞ ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent of the *Worcester County (South Division) Anti-Slavery Society*, will lecture as follows.—

Westboro'	Friday eve'g,	Sept. 16.
Hopkinton, Hayden Row	Sunday	18.
" Town Hall	Sunday evening.	
Ashland	Monday eve'g	19.
Southboro'	Tuesday "	20.
Worcester (at A. S. Fair)	Friday "	23.
Millbury	Sunday	25.
Uxbridge	Monday eve'g	26.
Mendon	Tuesday "	27.

☞ LECTURES.—The Tenth Course of Lectures before the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society. will be delivered, upon successive Sunday evenings, at Lyceum Hall, commencing October 2d. Particulars in a future notice.

E. J. KENNY, *Rec. Sec'y.*

☞ NOTICE.—A quarterly meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Haverhill, on Saturday evening, and on Sunday, day and evening, September 24 and 25, agreeably to adjournment.

JOSEPH MERRILL, *Sec'ry.*

☞ N. E. FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The Sixth Annual Term will commence November 2d, and continue four months. Professors—William M. Cornell, M. D., Physiology, Hygiene and Medical Jurisprudence; Enoch C. Rolfe, M. D., Chemistry; Stephen Tracy, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children; John P. Litchfield, M. D., Principles and Practice of Medicine; John K. Palmer, M. D., Materia Medica and General Thurapeutics; Henry M. Cobb, M. D., Anatomy and Surgery. Fee to each Professor, $10; Graduation Fee, $20.

SAMUEL GREGORY, Secretary,
15 Cornhill, Boston.

WRITINGS OF W. L. GARRISON.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON—316 pages, duodecimo. Price—In cloth, $1.00; extra gilt, $1.25.

For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill

PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN.

JUST published, and for sale by ROBERT F. WALLCUT, 21 Cornhill, 'A SERMON OF THE PUBLIC FUNCTIONS OF WOMAN, preached at the Music Hall, March 27, 1853. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrington and Rufus Leighton.' Price 6 cents single—50 cents per dozen.

POETRY.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER.

[The distress which the inhabitants of Africa feel at the loss of their children, which are stolen from them by the persons employed in the barbarous traffic of human flesh, is perhaps more thoroughly felt than described. But, as it is a subject to which every person has not attended, the author of the following lines hopes that, possibly, he may excite some attention (while he obtains indulgence) to an attempt to represent the anguish of a mother, whose son and daughter were taken from her by a ship's crew, belonging to a country where the God of justice and mercy is owned and worshipped.]

Help! O, help! thou God of Christians!
Save a mother from despair!
Cruel white men steal my children;
God of Christians! hear my prayer.

From my arms by force they're severed;
Sailors drag them to the sea;
Yonder ship, at anchor riding,
Swift will carry them away.

There my son lies stript and bleeding,
Fast with thongs his hands are bound;
See! the tyrants, how they scourge him!
See his sides, a reeking wound!

See his little sister by him,
Quaking, trembling, how she lies!
Drops of blood her face besprinkle,
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

Now they tear her brother from her,
Down below the deck he's thrown,
Stiff with beating, through fear silent,
Save a single death-like groan.

Hear the little creature begging:
'Take me, white men, for your own!
Spare, O spare my darling brother,
He's my mother's only son!'

See, upon the shore she's raving,
Down she falls upon the sands;
Now she tears her flesh with madness,
Now she prays with lifted hands:

'I am young and strong and hardy,
He's a sick and feeble boy;
Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,
All my life I'll toil with joy.

'Christians, who's the God you worship?
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?
Does he take delight in mercy?
Or in spilling human blood?

'Ah! my poor distracted mother!
Hear her scream upon the shore!'
Down the savage captain struck her,
Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

Up his sails he quickly hoisted,
To the ocean bent his way;
Headlong plunged the raving mother,
From a high rock in the sea.

THE CHARITY FUND.

BY B. CLARK LUNDY.

[The late negro law of the State of Illinois provides that one half the money raised from the sale of free negroes, who may be in the State contrary to law, shall go to the informer, and the remainder constitute a 'Charity Fund' for the support of the county in which such sale shall take place.]

Ho! dwellers on the Southern stream,
And by the Northern lake,
Gird up your loins to work of love,
And let your souls awake!
Keep watch abroad for colored skins,
Note well each curling hair,
And let your nostrils wide expand,
To catch the tainted air;
For, lo! a mighty fund shall rise,
Ye all from toil to save,
And only cost that paltry thing,
Of making man a slave.

And if you chance to journey on,
Adown to Jericho,
And find a brother by the way,
With 'creature comforts' low,
Seize on some darker mortal near,
And bind him with a chain,
Then let him serve a term of years,
To ease the poor man's pain;
For hath not God above ordained,
That negro blood shall be
The oil and wine to heal the wounds
Of all his worthless free?

Nor leave him thus to struggle on,
A thing bound to the soil,
It would not be a Christian act,
If not redeemed from toil;
But on your beast, and to an inn,
Carry your charge with care,
And pay the publican his pence,
For all his care while there;
Nor deem your pockets shall be light,
Samaritan most true,
For surely modern charity
Gives half the fee to you!

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY EDWIN HENRY BURRINGTON.

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, 'The Beautiful! what is it?'
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the Beautiful.

Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!
Be its idolator, as of a maiden!
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they,
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
Some, on a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fool'd! where'er thine eye might trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise;
Then seek it every where!

Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee; believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving,
If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup;—
I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected flower*, 'Look up,
And be thou Beautiful!' If thou hast faith,
It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;
It turns the feelings prematurely old;
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the Beautiful!

THE MORTAL CHANGE.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us then,
Which on earth we have valued most.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES IN NEW YORK.

The 'Women's Rights Convention,' which was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, on Tuesday and Wednesday last week, was continually interrupted in its proceedings by well-dressed rowdies and 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' stimulated to make their dastardly assaults by the Satanic press of that city. The following report of the scenes that transpired at the last evening's session is copied from that vile sheet, the New York *Express*:—

Bedlam broke loose—Uproarious Scenes at the Tabernacle—The Bloomer Women, Abolitionists, and Bowery B'hoys in General Convention—Eloquent Speech of a strong-minded Dutch woman—Police on the ground—Arrests, etc., etc.

Long before the doors were opened, a great crowd had gathered in front of, and in the passage way leading to the Hall, among which were perceived a fair proportion of the tenderer sex. There was a good deal of scuffling and squeezing, and withal no little excitement to see who should get in first to get the best seats. There were some policemen on the spot, looking on and keeping order as well as they could amidst so much disorder,—and many premonitions of the still worse disorder that was to reign, anon, inside.

At a quarter past seven, open went the doors, and in rushed the crowd,—shilling a head, in a state of the highest excitement. In a few minutes the great Hall was crowded to excess. In the galleries it was at once evident there were a large number of gentlemen who had come there specially to inspirit, in their own peculiar way, the proceedings, whatever they might turn out to be, as the night wore on.

At a quarter to 8 o'clock, the President, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, came forward, and desired it to be particularly understood that they were determined to have order there that evening. (Hisses.) There were a posse of police on hand, but she hoped the gentlemen in the gallery would so demean themselves as not to make it necessary to call for their services. (Groaning, cheering, and general confusion.)

Mrs. Mott, order being partially restored, said the first business in order would be the question upon the resolution, in reference to Woman's Rights, which was up for consideration yesterday.

Wiry Voice, near the platform—'W-h-a-t's that?' (Great laughter, and some hissing.)

Mrs. Mott—'All who are in favor of the resolution will please to say 'Aye.''

Voices—'Aye—aye—aye.'

Counter Voices—'No—no—no.'

Lucretia—'Carried.' (A laugh.)

A tall, thin, but pleasant-looking man, who said his name was

Mr. G. W. Clark, then came forward, entirely regardless of the screeches with which he was greeted, and sung the following 'song':—

'The storm-wind wildly blowing,
The bursting billows mock,
As with their foam-crests glowing,
They lash the sea-girt rock.'

Several ill-behaved persons perched in the gallery joined in a rascally chorus of their own, interrupting the vocalist on the stage, and exciting the risibility of their audience by a close imitation of his nasal enunciation—notwithstanding all which, he ventured on part second:—

'Amid the wild commotion—
The revel of the sea—
A voice is on the ocean:
Be free! Oh, man, be free!'

This sort of music, however, it was evident, was not the kind to 'soothe the savage breast,' for now there were miscellaneous calls for 'Burleigh,' 'Burleigh,' 'Burleigh,' 'Let's hear the women,' etc., so loud, that the songster had to stop awhile, in order to get a hearing for part third:—

'Behold the sea brine, leaping
High in the murky air!
List! to the tempest sweeping
In chainless fury there.'

The sublimity of the last verse was in a fair way of having a modifying influence on the auditory, the uproar gradually decreasing, had not a hideous noise, like the sounds emitted from a fish horn, just at this crisis, disturbed the state of the atmosphere up stairs. Roars of laughter followed, but the man on the stage was bent on having his song out.

'What moves that mighty torrent,
And bids it flow abroad?
Or turns the rapid current?—
What but the voice of God!'

Ill-mannered mockery of the gentleman's peculiar vocalization followed him, at short intervals, all through the remainder of his ditty; but it did not seem to disconcert him much, however, singing as he did, and was determined to do, while the storm was roaring all about his ears.

'Then answer, is the spirit
Less noble or less free?
From whom does he inherit
The doom of slavery?'

[Voice—Holloa! there. No niggers! Give us the song without the darkies. 'Sit down.' 'Shame.' 'Go on.']

'When man can bind the waters,
That they no longer roll,
Then let him forge the fetters
To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing
From earth and sea and sky,
And to the soul revealing
Its immortality.

The swift wind chants the numbers,
Careering o'er the sea,
And earth, roused from its slumbers,
Re-echoes—Man, be Free!'

Crowd in the Gallery—'Free'—'ee-ee!' 'Free-ee-ee!' 'Encore!' 'Oh hush.'

Mrs. Martin then rose up and delivered, or attempted to deliver a dissertation on 'Society as at present constituted.' 'Might made right' in modern civilization, but she though it was high time that better principles and better maxims obtained. She advocated the Elective Franchise for woman. Nothing short of that would come up to her standard of what was Right. Why did man,—who gave man the privilege to exclude woman from political privilege? Was it because he was strong? So was the elephant! Was it because he was cunning? So was the fox. (Hisses.) If man had more of reason, woman had more of conscience. (Hisses.) Jeremy Bentham, it was well known, was in favor of investing woman with the elective franchise. A woman at this moment was on the throne of England. Is Victoria unwomanly when she goes into Parliament to open and prorogue the representatives of the people there? Was Victoria unwomanly when she presided at the opening ceremonies of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park? Victoria was a mother, and a wife, as they were. (Great noise, cries of 'oh!' 'oh!' 'oh!' People coughing very hard up-stairs. Man beating a tin kettle near the door. Hisses and groans. Laughter, and stamping of feet.) Mrs. Martin resuming amidst the noise —* * indignantly hurled back * * reproached eternally * * (Cries of 'order,' 'order,' 'order.') * * Elective franchise would elevate woman * * * (Voice—'How do you know?') * * The woman are the educators of the rising generation. * * * They were the mothers of America. * * * (Cries of 'Does your mother know you're out?' and 'louder,' 'louder.') 'Am I not heard near the door?' ('No.')

Man with a long beard, Mr. Burleigh.—'Mr. President, I want * * * * I want * * I must * * * * * * * one word.

[Great uproar, with cries of 'time's up'—'sit down.']

But Mrs. Martin would n't sit down. Go on she would, as heroically as ever, against 'man,' 'wicked man,' and man the 'tyrant' * * Woman did not own any thing by the laws now in force. She did not own the clothes on her back. She did not own her children. Nay, she did not own her own name! If woman could vote, one thing, at least, was certain, and that was, the Maine Law would have been passed, and executed, too, ere this, (another excitement all over the house,) and the infamous Fugitive Slave Law would never have disgraced your statute books.

[Awful row. Scuffle in the gallery. Hisses and groans; cries of 'take your seat,' 'sit down,' 'you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.' Something serious going on up stairs, now, between the abolitionists and the opposition. Police come in. Row stopped.]

Lucretia Mott comes forward—Begged leave to introduce to the audience Mrs. Matilda Anika, a friend of humanity, an advocate of Woman's Rights, a genuine———

[Horrible noises; everybody on his and her feet. Rapping of canes, clapping of hands, shrieks, and groans, and sneezes, in the midst of all which, a very, very masculine and 'strong-minded' looking woman, with an exceedingly theatrical-looking air, came forward, and went on to address the audience, *in German!* But the very first syllable that fell from her roseate lips was the signal of another succession of atrocious noises, such as had never been heard yet. The German woman went on, however, undismayed, clinching her fists and throwing up her arms wildly, and otherwise violently gesticulating. Occasionally, the reporter could catch a word of English —'freedom'—'British'—— (another shocking noise, in the midst of which the German Bloomer beat a retreat.]

Wendell Phillips, then coming forward, begged that the people of this 'great country' would give this noble stranger a hearing. This woman had faced the cannon of Francis Joseph, and had battled side by side with Kossuth for the freedom of Hungary. What would be thought of us——

[Voices—'Then why don't you let her speak for herself?' 'We don't want to hear you.' 'We have heard enough of you already.' 'Go it, boots!' 'Get down.' 'Nix-come-a-rouse.' 'Go in, Sally Johnson.']

Phillips backs out, and the German woman comes to the front. Just as she is going to speak, somebody inquires, in a hollow, sepulchral tone, 'What's her name?'

Phillips stands up—'Her name is Matilda Anika.'

Voice—'What's her name!'

Phillips—'Matilda Anika.'

Another Voice—'What's that?'

[Laughter. Hisses. General uproar.]

German Woman again essaying to speak. Great laughter. Then half a dozen sentences in German.

Mrs. Rose said she would interpret, if they would only listen. [Hisses. Squealing. Groans. Yelling.]

German Woman continues to speak Dutch—Mrs. Rose interpreting alternate sentences—the English of which seemed to be, that the German woman had come here to seek for a liberty which was denied her at home.

Wendell Phillips said—'Go on with your hisses. Geese have hissed before now. (Laughter and hisses.) You are proving, at least, that some men are unworthy of political liberty. You prove that the men of the city of New York do not know what the meaning of teetotalism and free discussion is. (Hisses.) When you will answer our argument, we shall cease to be agitators—but not till then.'

Bowery-looking Boy—'Speak in Dutch.' (Laughter.)

Phillips—'If you hate this movement, the very best thing you can do for us is to come here and disgrace your city, as you are now disgracing it.' [Renewed cries of 'Put him out,' 'Stop that,' 'Go home, old fellow, where you belong,' 'Will you go out and liquor?' 'Speak louder,' 'Give him a cigar,' 'O, dear,' &c.]

Phillips—'Your Revolutionary fathers fought for freedom'——

Voice—'Niggers excepted.' (Laughter.)

Old White Lady, on the lower floor, jumping up, greatly excited, and clenching her fist at somebody.

Mrs. Rose—'I invoke the intervention of the Police.' 'Is the Chief of Police present?'—'Where are the Police?' 'Will they come up here?'

German Woman makes another attempt to be heard, but her foreign tongue stood no chance with an audience that would not even tolerate the vernacular. She was greeted from first to last with a succession of jeers, jests and roars of laughter in the gallery. 'Ah, ah, white niggers—you fellow, (shaking her head,) you!' (Laughter, cheers and hisses.)

Phillips—'Elective franchise'—— ['Take off your coat!'] 'unfathomable infamy. * * Tyranny. * * Atrocious absolution.' * * ['Sit down.' 'We came here to hear women, not you!']

Phillips—'I will add, on sitting down, ['Yes, sit down,'] that if any man in this audience will come forward and reason with us, it * *—' [At this juncture, the police arrested one or two noisy fellows in the gallery—an operation which produced new confusion.]

Voices near the door—'Fire, fire, fire.' Consternation and symptoms of panic. Order restored after a while.]

Phillips, unable to get a hearing, at length takes his seat.

Lucy Stone [Bloomer woman] comes forward, begins to speak, but is suddenly hushed by a volley of such calls as 'Take your time, Miss Lucy!' 'Whar do you come from!'

Lucy Stone—'I want to see you men be your own police. The venom of your mouths * * * ['Speak louder!'] * * looking on in indignation. * * Wherever we can find an ear to hear, there we shall speak of the wrongs of women. * *'

['Burleigh!' 'Burleigh!' 'Burleigh!' 'Uncle Tom!' 'Horace Greeley!'

Lucy Stone, resuming—'Woman must be loyal to woman. Let us ask you men, who * * Shirt Sewer's Union * * ['Time's up, old fellow,' 'sit down,' 'give us something else,' 'pass along!']

Lucy—Oh! mothers and daughters—Oh! women, whether you are * * * (Another din.) Lucy still speaking. (People yelling and hooting in the gallery—cries of 'Burleigh,' 'Phillips,' 'Shame,' 'Shame,' 'Too bad.')

Lucy still goes on, in dumb show, speaking, * * the spirit of purity and truth. We hold in our own hand the rod with which we may smite the rock, out of which will issue a panacea for all these grievances. Those of you who have listened, in the name of this Convention I ask you, in going to your homes, be it in the city or country, let the words of truth which you have heard this evening have a lodgment in your hearts. The time is coming when the worthy sons of noble mothers would come here, ashamed that those who had gone before them had ever so disgraced themselves as they had been disgraced to-day. Posterity would not believe it that men had banded together to gag helpless women thus. But New York (she was glad to add) was not wholly lost, bad as it was. Paulina Davis, that very day, had received a contribution of twenty dollars from some of its citizens, as a contribution to help support a newspaper devoted to woman's rights. (A laugh. 'Sit down!')

'Time's up, Lucy!' 'Oh, sit down.' General confusion and noise entirely indescribable, in the course of which the speaker meekly took her seat.

'Rev.' Antionette L. Brown here undertook to tell a story about a drunkard who had brought his poor family down to the lowest depths of degradation and want.

Big Fat Man near the rostrum—'The wicked man!' (Laughter.)

Miss Brown—* * * But that mother and that wife of his was a heroine. * * *

Voice—'Good old gal!' (Another laugh.)

Miss Brown—* * * There was a bond in the woman's heart that bound her offspring to her affections. * * * Great duties were before her. * * * A great end was to be achieved. How should it be done?

Voice—Do it up *brown*. (Coughing, laughter, cheers, hisses.)

Rev. Miss Brown (nothing dismayed, though the storm here was getting very ugly)—* * * 'A world of temptation.' * * * 'Going through the streets a drunkard,' * * * * 'the first-born of her affections had fallen a prey to the tempter. * * * Stricken things. * * *

[An ill-mannered fellow here interrupted the speaker, right in the midst of a very pathetic temperance tale, in a fit of sneezing, producing great confusion. There were also accompanying noises, resembling the noises which cats and dogs make.]

In the midst of the hubbub—

Mr. Elliott jumped upon the rostrum, and by dint of severe gesticulation and other imposing displays of physical accomplishments, managed to get a hearing for a moment or two, but longer than that the 'public' wouldn't listen.

Cries from all parts of the house—'Go away!' 'Take your seat.' 'Where's Burleigh?' 'House coming down!' 'Here's the police!' 'Shame!' 'Outrageous!' 'Hurrah!' 'Three cheers!' 'Disgraceful!' Old women, all over the hall, in a state of utmost consternation. People still wedging their way into the hall from the lobbies without. Heat oppressive. Excitement intense.

Nine o'clock, P. M.—Mrs. Paulina Davis moved in very despair, that the meeting do now adjourn *sine die*.

Bowery B'hoy mounting the rostrum, (before the question could be taken) and siding up very lovingly to the venerable Mrs. Mott, who was endeavoring to get the sense of the meeting on the right to adjourn.

B'hoy:—'What you afraid of?' 'What's the row?' 'Make as much noise as you can!' 'What you 'fraid of, eh?' (Rolling up his sleeves.) (Mrs. Mott getting a little frightened at the noise.)

Bowery B'hoy.—What you 'fraid of? I want a hearing for *my* cause! Roars of laughter, intermingled with yells of 'Put him out!' 'No, no, let's hear him!'

A band of music just then, marched by the Tabernacle, up Broadway. An old lady nervously enquired 'if the military was a coming to shoot.' Rowdies in the gallery, whistling, kicking, hissing and cheering.

Lucretia Mott, (again,) 'It is moved and seconded, that the meeting do now adjourn *sine die*. All who are in favor, will say 'aye.'

The 'ayes' had it numerically, but the 'noes' were the loudest and the noisiest.

Denouement—rush for the doors. Man turning off the gas. People requested to beware of Pickpockets. General movement towards the doors. Fresh air reached. Crowd dispersing. Doors shut. Gates closed. All quiet.

☞ The New York *Times*, under the head of 'The Rows of Yesterday,' alludes to the mobocratic assault upon the Woman's Rights Convention in the following manner:—

Row number three was a very jolly affair, a regular break-down at the Tabernacle. The women had their rights, and more beside. The cause was simply that the rowdyish diathesis is just now prevalent. True, a colored woman made a speech, but there was nothing in that to excite a multitude. She didn't speak too low to be heard,—she did not insult them with improper language. Nor did the rowdies respond at all insultingly. They did not curse,—they only called for half a dozen in the shell. They didn't swear, they only hurried up that stew. They did wrong, however. If we had our own way, every rascally rowdy among them should have Bloomers of all colors preaching at them by the year,—a year for every naughty word they uttered, a score of them for every hiss. Out upon the villains who go to any meeting to disturb it! Let anybody, who can hire a house and pay for it, have his say, and let none be disturbed. The sensitive can stay away. But for us,—let us be thankful that for such hot weather there is something to arouse us, something to season our insipid dishes, something to spice our dull days with. *Mem.* It was cooler in the evening.

From the New York Daily Times.

THE FEMALE PESTS.

Messrs. Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, and Company, gave the public another touch of their quality, yesterday, at Metropolitan Hall. Backed by Garrison, Wendell Phillips and the *Tribune*, they enacted a very respectable imitation of Capt. Rynders' exploits at the Tabernacle, a day or two since. Not satisfied with their own Conventions, called expressly to give them a hearing, they forced themselves into the meeting of delegates, among whom they had no shadow of right; and succeeded in creating so much confusion as to put a stop to the legitimate business of the Convention, and render it necessary for the Police to clear the house. The great object at which these champions of reform aimed, was to secure for Miss Antoinette Brown a seat upon the platform among the male officers of the meeting, where she could be seen to advantage by the assembly at large. The ambition was worthy of the Amazonian *troupe*, whose shameless self-exposures have amused the rabble, and disgusted the sensible, during the past few days.

It is curious to see how naturally fanaticism on one subject begets equal fanaticism on every other. Garrison, as he is fond of reminding the public, began his anti-slavery career without abandoning his religious faith. Gradually his zeal for the abolition of slavery led him into a reckless contempt for every thing else, and he soon became equally zealous for the abolition of the family, the Bible, religion, and everything else that seemed to stand in the way of his special object. He came here professedly to aid the cause of Temperance; but the extent of his interest and sincerity on that subject was speedily manifested by his declaration that, as the Maine Law recognized the Constitution of the United States, he couldn't support it. His special hobby now is to help Messrs. Lucy Stone & Co. secure the abolition of all distinction in gender. And in this, as in all his other insane vagaries, he is followed by the uneasy gang whose chief ambition is to keep themselves in the public eye.

The power of these she-males and their abettors is confined to the faculty of injuring every cause they espouse. They have made every subject they have touched odious and contemptible in the public mind. They are now trying the same game on the Temperance cause. Pretending to be its friends, they have shown clearly that they regard it simply as a hobby on which they can ride into public notice. They would rather kill the cause forever than suffer Miss Antoinette Brown to be kept off the platform. The Temperance Convention into which they thrust themselves yesterday, was a body of highly respectable, influential and prudent friends of the Temperance reform. They have uniformly kept their movements free from the fanatical ultraisms by which other worthy causes have often been so deeply injured, and have gone forward in their efforts in the path marked out by prudence, decorum, and a proper regard for public sentiment. They had brought together distinguished advocates of the Temperance cause from various parts of this country and of Europe, and were proceeding with their deliberations in an eminently judicious and effective manner, when this unseemly onslaught of discontented females occurred. It is deeply to be regretted that such an interruption should have taken place, though, as will be seen by our report of the proceedings, it was but temporary, as order was restored and preserved at the evening session.

From the New York Sun.

TEMPERANCE AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Many may be disposed to look upon the scenes and occurrences at Metropolitan Hall, yesterday, as very amusing, very funny, and all that. For our part, we regard them as matters for serious regret. They hinder moderate and substantial reforms, and expose to contempt and ridicule the efforts of earnest, judicious men. There is now no respectable citizen who is not favorable to temperance, but respectable men, who have a jealous regard for their character, and do not thirst after notoriety, will be very cautious in identifying themselves with Conventions and Assemblies liable to be converted into disgraceful farces.

We have very little to say between the Woman's Rights Party and the Men's World's Temperance Convention. It is apparent, however, that there are a few bold women, who, possessing not a particle of the modesty so becoming in their sex, are ready to imitate the conduct of certain political rowdies who obtrude themselves, uninvited, into whatever public assembly offers a field for the display of their brazen impudence and disorganizing propensities.

Whether the getters up of the mis-named World's Temperance Convention acted right or wrong in excluding women from their organization, is a question we shall not discuss, but Antoinette Brown could not be ignorant that her persevering efforts to be admitted to take part in the proceedings would not promote the cause. The simple fact seems to be that a bitter feud exists between the Woman's Rights party and those who called the Convention; and, in their quarrel, temperance is lost sight of.

As to Miss Brown, and a few others of her stamp, the public and a portion of the press have been guilty of giving them encouragement in their unbecoming course. Crowds have gone, through curiosity, to see and hear them; the newspapers have ministered to their vanity, and a melancholy demoralization of social sentiment has been treated as an inviting theme for still more demoralizing comment. We do not see how any man, possessing a proper respect for his wife, his daughters or his sisters, can give encouragement to feminine exhibitions of brass and irreligion on the public platform.

Nature, as well as divine revelation, marks out with sufficient distinctness the different duties and spheres of the sexes. Woman's rights do not consist in taking her out of her own sphere and placing her in man's. She can claim no right to violate or disregard her Creator's laws. Were she permitted or instigated to usurp man's position and duties, the result would not be an increase of her happiness. On the contrary, it would entail upon her disquietudes and miseries from which she is now exempt, even in countries where her legitimate rights are not recognized.

Woman can never be secured in her rights through infidel theories, or a violent social revolution, reducing the world to a worse than bedlamite confusion. She would be a fearful loser by the breaking down of all those social protections which an advancing civilization erects around female virtue and female weakness. To a generally diffused intelligence, softened and controlled by the love and the justice which proceed from genuine Christianity, must woman look, as the only condition in which she can enjoy full and perfect rights. But of man the same must be said.

It is woman's right to be educated and prepared for the proper discharge of the duties appertaining to her sphere, and every right within that sphere will receive our unhesitating support, but beyond this we cannot go, as we cannot profess to be woman's advocate, and play the part of an enemy. We cannot join in urging her to commit moral suicide, and to pursue a path as fatal to man's happiness as it would be to her own. Happily, few of the women of America feel disposed to abandon all the joys of home, and of the family circle; and more in sorrow, perhaps, than in anger, should we look upon those few misguided members of the sex who are so notable examples of what the Apostle said Christian women should not be.

From the New York Courier & Enquirer of Sept. 8.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The regular business meeting, yesterday forenoon, was engrossed, disturbed, and rendered abortive, by the pertinacious intrusion of the so-called Woman's Rights party. Their irruption was, of course, inimical to the purposes of the Convention, and demonstrative of thorough indifference to the cause of temperance, in comparison with the hobby to which they stubbornly postpone and sacrifice it. We say *of course*, because it had been already settled, emphatically and repeatedly, that not even a considerable minority of the Convention were disposed to tolerate the intrusion of Public Women into their deliberations. It was therefore an ascertained impossibility for these 'reformers' to exert any influence upon the proceedings of the Convention, and their conduct seems to admit of explanation only by their characteristic and settled policy of endeavoring to distract, annoy and bring to nought all movements which they cannot control. It appears that they had got together the previous evening, improvised a temperance society on the spot, and 'delegated' themselves to the World's Convention, with a view thus to force themselves into that body in sufficient numbers to effect the disturbance which their champion, Miss Brown, had attempted, unsuccessfully, single-handed, on Tuesday morning.

The Committee to prepare business, to whom was referred a resolution on the manner of voting in this body, and a resolution as to delegates in the preliminary meeting, recommended that the two following rules be adopted:—

I. On all questions, on which a vote by States is demanded by a majority of the delegates present, each State shall vote according to the number of her Senators or Representatives; and the kingdom of Great Britain and her Provinces shall be represented each by every delegate therefrom who may be present, and each of their votes shall be counted.

II. When a vote is not demanded by a majority, all questions shall be decided by a majority of the delegates present. The other resolution is regarded as suspended by the action of the Convention.

Mr. Wendell Phillips now arose, like the genius of discord. He proceeded to break in upon the order of business by introducing his daily topic of 'woman's rights.' He was pronounced out of order by the Chair, and appealed to the Convention, which also pronounced him out of order. He then appealed to Parliamentary law, and to a pile of books on the subject, which he undertook to read to the Convention. All this naturally provoked great confusion, and innumerable calls to order, motions, interruptions, decisions, &c., in the midst of which Phillips was in his element, mad as a March hare, dealing out billingsgate to the audience, insulting the President, and, in short, behaving like none other than Wendell Phillips, generally.

After Phillips was exhausted, Antoinette Brown attempted to take possession. We accidentally omitted to mention, yesterday, that the Convention had adopted a resolution expressly accommodated to the case of Miss Brown, excluding all persons from the platform, except the officers, and gentlemen invited thither by the Chair. The Committee on Credentials had, in the meantime, however, committed the false step of recognising the adulterated delegation of the last night's Temperance Society, and had admitted them to the floor of the Convention. Under these circumstances, the President recognised Miss Brown, and invited her to the platform. But the Convention, though caught in the stratagem, were not disposed to stay caught, and in this laudable indisposition, the audience sustained them effectually. In a word, they would not hear Miss Brown. Deprived of Parliamentary defence, they asserted their rights with such weapons as remained—their hands and feet. We believe this practical and unanswerable opposition to petticoat usurpation was nearly unanimous on the part of the Convention and audience. At least, it was enough—even for Miss Brown. She faced it, and waited long; but she could not face nor wait it down, and, eventually, the strong-minded woman and the unwilling audience being equally determined, the President was compelled to call in the Police, and cause the house to be cleared. One or two of the 'ismites' resisted, and had to make their exit in a constrained and undignified fashion. Miss Brown undertook to stay by 'moral power,' but this proving insufficient, after some resistance, suffered herself to be escorted to the door.

The house having been cleared, the roll was read, and the delegates were admitted to the floor as their names were called, or on the presentation of their credentials at the door. Miss Brown did not get in again. The spectators occupied the galleries.

There had been a complication of questions pending when the house was cleared, and this was now laid on the table, in bulk, by a decisive vote, to the great disgust and among loud expostulations, remonstrances, protests, motions and appeals, of Phillips and the selected spirits who composed his train.

The President had retired, and Gen. Cary, of Ohio, now occupied the chair, presiding with great efficiency. He ruled with extreme liberality towards the disorderly handful led by Phillips, yet with a firmness, promptitude and authority that kept the frantic elements in check till the adjournment. The disorder was, however, great, and it soon became apparent that no progress could be made in the short period remaining before the afternoon session. A motion was made to reconsider the vote laying the preceding business on the table. The *ayes* coming first, exerted their lungs with might and main, but were nothing to the *noes* that settled the matter in the next moment.

After this, Mr. Barstow, from the Business Committee, submitted the following resolution, which was read among disorderly interruptions from Phillips and his friends:

Resolved, That the Committee on Credentials be directed to furnish tickets as evidence of membership to all persons enrolled as delegates to this Convention, excepting those whose credentials were this morning presented by Wendell Phillips, from a Society of Ladies in New York city, which Society, it is understood, was organized last evening, and which delegates belonged not in New York, but in other parts of the land; and that at the future business meetings of this Convention, none but such delegates, so certified, be admitted upon the floor of the house.

The children now began to pour into the galleries, (it was two o'clock,) and after no little confusion, it was found necessary to adjourn without further action, after notice had been given that the members would be supplied, in passing out, with tickets admitting them to the floor at the business meeting the next day.

There is one fact in connection with this 'Whole World's Temperance Convention,' which is common to all these meetings of pseudo philanthropists. We allude to the intense, highly concentrated bitterness of hatred which is exhibited towards every one who ventures a single allusion to the impracticability of carrying out their utopian visions. They seem to forget that great public reforms are accomplished by the light of reason and eloquence; that malice and heart-burning, and scoffings and revilings, and gnashing of teeth and clenchings of fists, and howls and contortions, and all manner of hateful and evil words, are things more appropriate to the regions of the damned, than to a conclave of holy saints and philanthropic reformers. When one of the fair and Reverend speakers informed us that there is 'a good time coming,' we felt that as 'the darkest hour precedes the light of day,' there might be some truth in the assertion.—*Ibid.*

Much of our space is to-day occupied with very full, accurate and life-like reports of the speeches, toasts, &c., of the delegates to the late Whole World's Temperance Convention, at their bran-bread and squash dinner, on Saturday evening; the Sermon delivered yesterday by Rev. Miss Brown before one of the largest audiences ever congregated in Metropolitan Hall; and last, though not least, the extraordinary transactions of the abolitionists in the same building, during the afternoon and evening. It will be seen by the report of the last named affair, that the Sabbath was desecrated by the most rabid outpourings of fanaticism, and that the indignant audience eventually interfered and refused to allow the proceedings to continue. Read the sketches, enjoy the passing fun, and then seriously reflect upon the mischief that would ensue, should these modern reformers, by any possibility, succeed in their designs.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The World's Temperance Convention—so called—though representing a mere dot on the world's surface, and a very small vulgar fraction of the world's inhabitants—after being in session several days in New York, adjourned on Friday last. It was composed of the odds and ends of every evanescent fraction in the country. There were men in 'shocking bad hats' and dilapidated trowsers—women in elegant tights and other adornments of the Bloomer costume, who look with contempt upon such an unfeminine employment as the sewing on of rebellious buttons, the doing up of multitudinous rips in male garments, (the said rips on a broad grin at the successful contrivances of the petticoated World Conventionists to keep their trowserless husbands or relatives at home in charge of the children, or general housewifery,) and the various et ceteras pertaining thereto, or connected therewith. Abolitionists, vegetarians, woman's rights men, and man's rights women; supporters of the Maine law and moral suasionists opposed thereto; whigs, democrats, free soilers, nothingarians, with a sprinkling of Unitarians, Universalists and Orthodox, (who believe that all men will be damned, and Universalists particularly so, but yet are willing to give the latter a temporary lift of the hand, if they will hang on well to the Maine law,) in a word, new lights of every class and of every gender known to the grammars—all had some one or more representatives in the motly conclave of world reformers.

On the whole, we do not think this World's Convention will set the world on fire, or, indeed, that it will have any other effect than to raise a laugh at the expense of the coats and petticoats, pants and pantalettes, inflated with heroic speech, brazen impudence, and indefinite notions of reform, the burthen of which was mankind and womankind in general, and the portion thereof included within the limits of New York in particular.—*Boston Chronicle* (*Rum organ.*)

☞ The '*National Democrat*' is the title of one of the 'Satanic' presses in New York, edited by a Reverend renegade and demagogue, named Chancey C. Burr. Referring to the anti-slavery meetings which were held in the Metropolitan Hall on the 3d inst., it indulges in the following fiendish language:—

Time was when a full-blooded nigger meeting in New York would have been heralded with the cry of 'tar and feathers,' but, alas! in these degenerate days, we are called to lament merely over an uproarious disturbance. The *Tribune* groans horribly, it is true, because a set of deistical fanatics were interrupted in their villanous orgies; but it should rather rejoice that no harsher means were resorted to than 'tufts of grass.'

Talk about freedom! Is any land so lost in self-respect, so sunk in infamy, that God-defying, Bible-abhorring sacrilege will be tacitly allowed? Because the bell-wether of the *Tribune*, accompanied by a phalanx of blue petticoats, is initiated as the grand-master of outrages, is that any reason for personal respect and public humiliation? In view of all the aggravating circumstances of the case, we congratulate the fool-hardy fanatics upon getting off so easy as they did, and we commend the forbearance of the considerate crowd in not carrying their coercive measures to extremes, because, the humbug being exploded, all that is necessary now is to laugh, hiss, and *vociferously* applaud.

When men make up their minds to vilify the Bible, denounce the Constitution, and defame their country, (although this is a free country,) they should go down in some obscure cellar, remote from mortal ken, and even there *whisper* their hideous treason against God and Liberty.

The Last Vagary of the Greeley Clique—The Women, their Rights and their Champions.—The assemblage of rampant women which convened at the Tabernacle yesterday was an interesting phase in the comic history of the nineteenth century. We saw, in broad daylight, in a public hall in the city of New York, a gathering of unsexed women—unsexed in mind all of them, and many in habiliments—publicly propounding the doctrine that they should be allowed to step out of their appropriate sphere, and mingle in the busy walks of every day life, to the neglect of those duties which both human and divine law have assigned to them. We will not stop to argue against so ridiculous a set of ideas. We will only inquire who are to perform those duties which we and our fathers before us have imagined belonged solely to women. Is the world to be depopulated? Are there to be no more children? Or are we to adopt the French mode, which is too well known to need explanation.

Another reason why we will not answer the logic which is poured out from the lips of such persons as Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, and their male coadjutors, Greeley, Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Orson Burleigh, and others, is because they themselves do not believe in the truth or the feasibility of the doctrines they utter. In some cases eccentricity is a harmless disease, but the idiosyncrasies of these people spring from another source. They admit the principle that fame and infamy are synonymous terms. Disappointed in their struggle for the first, they grasp the last, and at the same time pocket all the money they can wring from the 'barren fools' who can be found in any community eager to grasp at any doctrine which is novel, no matter how outrageous it may be.

It is almost needless for us to say that these women are entirely devoid of personal attractions. They are generally thin maiden ladies, or women who perhaps have been disappointed in their endeavors to appropriate the breeches and the rights of their unlucky lords; the first class, having found it utterly impossible to induce any young or old man into the matrimonial noose, have turned out upon the world, and are now endeavoring to revenge themselves upon the sex who have slighted them. The second, having been dethroned from their empire over the hearts of their husbands, for reasons which may easily be imagined, go vagabondising over the country, boring unfortunate audiences with long essays lacking point or meaning, and only amusing from the impudence displayed by the speakers in putting them forth in a civilized country. They violate the rules of decency and taste, by attiring themselves in eccentric habiliments, which hang loosely and irregularly upon their forms, making that which we have been educated to respect, to love, and to admire, only an object of aversion and disgust. A few of these unfortunate women have awoke from their momentary trance, and quickly returned to the dress of decent society, but we saw yesterday many disciples of the Bloomer school at the Tabernacle. There was yesterday, and there will be to-day, a wide field for all such at the Tabernacle. All who desire to see them will put a shilling in their pockets, and journey toward the Tabernacle. A sufficient amount of entertainment is gurantied for the money invested, and those who have a taste for the singular will undoubtedly be on hand.—*Bennett's Herald.*